The Ypsilantian

EIGHTH YEAR. YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1887. NUMBER 394.

NEW GROCERY!

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!

LOW PRICES.

In the rooms formerly occupied by Mrs. Martin as a millinery store, where

C. H. FOSTER,

Late of Albion, has put in a full stock of Choicest

STANDARD AND FANCY GROCERIES

Bought at bottom wholesale rates and cash discounts, and will be sold at prices as low as any house in the city.

Teas, Coffees and Spices a Specialty, and only the best goods in these lines handled. Country Produce bought and sold. Your patronage respectfully solicited.

C. H. FOSTER.

STEPHENSON,

The Photographer,

of Ypsilanti and vicinity, wishes to inform the public in general that he has secured the service of

Mr. A. C. Butler,

of Detroit, as operator and general assistant. Mr. Butler, having had a large experience in the business, is enabled to do first-class work. Don't take my word for it but call and be convinced.

Students' pictures at reduced rates. Don't forget that we make the

New Permanent Bromide Picture.

STEPHENSON.

Over the Postoffice.

The Business World in Miniature at

Cleary's

BUSINESS COLLEGE!

YPSILANTI, MICH.

No theory or text-book work; everything is real, the same as in the outside world. Visitors cordially invited. Circulars on application.

P. R. CLEARY,
PRINCIPAL.

PURE ICE CREAM

Manufactured from the

Best Sweet Cream

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Ypsilanti Creamery Company.

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Orders left at E. Washburn's Restaurant will be filled at wholesale prices.

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Can be used as a summer dressing for all kinds of burns, galds, chapping, &c., &c.

Endorsed and recommended by over a thousand physicians of Chicago. Used by U. S. army and navy.

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"Picturesque Mackinac," Illustrated.
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C. D. WHITCOMB, GEN. PASS. AGT.,
DETROIT, MICH

"Get the Best!"

Mr. J. J. Stephenson, the photographer, has added two more rooms to his gallery, the new rooms being especially intended for the bromide enlargement work—an improvement in the photographic art that enables the artist to secure a 25x30-inch picture from an ordinary negative. Mr. Stephenson has every modern and novel feature known to his art, and his work is not surpassed by that of any gallery in Michigan. Get the best, applies to nothing with as much force and reason as to photographs, as you want or will have nothing in that line that is not first-class. You will be pleased and satisfied with any work turned out by Mr. Stephenson and his expert assistants.

Barber Shop Removed.

Mr. J. A. F. Bell has removed his barber shop from the Laible block, over the postoffice, to the Post block, over Fairchild's feed store, where he invites his former patrons and new ones to call and see him. Mr. Bell makes a specialty of ladies' and children's haircutting, at 15 and 20 cents. All kinds of ladies' hair work done in the most stylish manner.

Concrete Walks and Roofing.

Mr. J. L. Harlow, builder of concrete walks invites all who may desire such work done to inspect the walks made by him for Mr. S. H. Dodge, Mrs. McDowell, Mrs. Campbell, Homer Briggs, and Mr. Oberst. in 1886, as well as the walks made for Mr. G. F. Shaffer and others, in 1885. Mr. Harlow is ready to fill all orders in that line at once, and will also take orders for pitch and gravel roofing.

Misses Stewart and Moore of the Bazarette were in Detroit Tuesday making purchases for their popular establishment. The Bazarette is an Ypsilanti institution that could not be dispensed with. It is headquarters for notions in ladies' goods, glassware and ornamental house-articles, and everything nice and cheap.

Ten Dollars Reward.

A red morocco pocket book was lost last Saturday evening, between the residence of G. W. Amsden, Chicago avenue., and Mrs. Bogardus, Washington street. Ten dollars reward will be paid to anyone who will return the book and contents to the owner, at 15 Washington street.

The Ypsilantian.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1880.

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(GEO. C. SMITHE, - - PERRY F. POWERS.)

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Advertising rates reasonable, and made known on application.

Address THE YPSILANTIAN,
Ypsilanti, Mich

SECURED AND LOCATED.—As predicted last week, the bid of the Jenny Electric Light Company was re-accepted, the Mayor's veto being disposed of by a vote of nine to one. Ald. Deubel voting to sustain it. It has been decided to locate the plant in the fifth ward, near the Central railroads on ground owned by the city. Work on the building will commence next week, it is expected.

GOSPEL MEETINGS.—A letter from Thos. D. W. Muir, who in company with Max Isaac Reich, a converted Jew, from London, has been conducting Gospel meetings in Detroit, informs us that arrangements have been made to conduct a series of such meetings here, commencing next Sunday, at 3 and 7:30 p. m., and to continue nightly during the week. The meetings will be held under a tent, which will be pitched on the lot recently made vacant by the removal of the skating rink.

THE AUGUST RACES.—Several horses arrived here Monday to commence training for the meetings of the Central Michigan Circuit, the first of which will be held here the first week in August, from Tuesday to Friday, inclusive. Several other horses will arrive to-morrow and Saturday, and the track and grounds will be utilized from early morning until evening all next week. More and better entries are being made than were received for the meeting last year, and indications of a more successful meeting from every point of view than was ever held in the Central Circuit are increasing daily.

HOT WEATHER.—To speak of last Saturday and Sunday merely as being the hottest days of the season in this vicinity, gives no conception of the circumstances of the case; and to inform our readers in the northern peninsula that the thermometer scored from 98 to 102 degrees in the shade, is not telling them that dreams of purgatory were cooling as compared to the roasting we endured on these two days. People here were possessed of but one purpose while the heat was turned on in full blast, and that purpose was to keep cool, but none succeeded in attaining it. But little more than half the usual business of that day was transacted by our merchants on Saturday, and the congregations in the churches and the attendance at the Sunday schools, last Sunday, were the smallest known for many years. No deaths or serious cases of prostration are known to have occurred here by reason of the intense heat, though much suffering was endured. The unusual heat prevailed throughout the United States on the two days referred to, and hundreds of deaths are reported as resulting from sunstrokes.

FROM A CEMETERY TO A PARK.—As will be seen by reference to the Council proceedings, published on the last page, a petition to have the old cemetery in the fourth ward vacated and the ground converted into a public park, was presented to the Council and referred by it to the City Attorney. The petition states that the growth of the city toward and around the cemetery makes it against public policy to have it longer held as a graveyard, and that proper consideration and respect for the dead buried there is not, and under present circumstances, cannot be paid. The proposition to make such a change is being opposed by several persons owning lots in the old cemetery, as was expected, but the probabilities are that the change will be made. Reverence and respect and love for the dead makes sacred to us the ground in which our loved ones lie buried, but such sentiments, however precious to the individual, should not be permitted to impede the progress of the living, and least of all to prove a cause of harm in any way. The entire world is but a cemetery for the millions who have toiled and struggled for existence on its surface, and all ground is hallowed by contact with dust that once lived and was loved. It matters nothing to the dead that trees and flowers and grasses spread and wave above the spot where at last their ashes rest, nor does the rush of busy feet and the noise and din of the workshops of the world disturb their peace. To cherish and love the spot that seems to hold all that remained on earth of forms so dear, is a fancy pleasing and helpful, but 'tis a fancy only.

THE SUMMER NIGHT CONCERT.—No better evidence could have been given of the anticipated character of the concert given under the auspices of the ladies of St. Luke's church, at the Opera House last Friday evening, than that in spite of the intense heat it was well attended, and by an audience that in its character was as complimentary to the participants as in numbers. The program was about as published last week, with the addition of numerous encores, and it was superbly rendered from first to last. An especially enjoyable feature of the concert was the solo and duet singing by Mr. George Tyler. He has a strong, rich tenor voice, that in its tones and scope brings to mind the singing of Tom Karl. Mr. Tyler was encored and re-encored, the desire to hear him again increasing with each song he gave. Miss Ella Joslyn sang two solos, and a duet with Mr. Tyler. "The low tones of Ella's voice are as sweet as ever," remarked a lady in the audience, "while in other respects her New York training has greatly developed her voice." Miss Joslyn responded to an encore with a charming little love song. Miss Jennie G. Cross, now of Detroit, was a former Ypsilanti girl and therefore more than ordinary interest was felt in her appearance in company with such splendid singers. Miss Cross well sustained her part, however, and did credit alike to her present and her former home. She has a beautiful contralto voice, and the pleasure her singing gave was manifested in an enthusiastic encore. As to the duet and solos by Mr. and Mrs. Pease, whom we mention last only because of the courtesy due to visitors, that they were given in their best style and most happy manner is information quite sufficient to readers of The Ypsilantian, nearly all of whom have had the pleasure of hearing them and all of whom have many times read their praises in these columns. The concert was a financial success, about ninety dollars being netted.

Obituary.

MRS. SUSAN M. DODGE.

Between ten and eleven o'clock, last Sunday night, occurred the death of Mrs. Susan M. Dodge, mother of Mr. S. H. Dodge of this city and of Mrs. E. H. Whitney of Lansing. Although for weeks and months death had been by Mrs. Dodge a visitor expected and longed for, it came silent and swift at last, the change that marked its coming being hardly noticed ere her spirit had left the worn and tired body.

Mrs. Dodge's maiden name was Susan Markle: she was born in Pennsylvania, April 9, 1803, being past 84 years of age. She was married to Mr. David B. Dodge at Cazenovia, N. Y., in 1830, and after a residence of many years in Seneca county, came with her husband and family to Ypsilanti in 1850. Her husband died in 1873.

Mrs. Dodge had been an invalid for more than twenty-five years, and during the last twelve years of her life had been confined to the bed. Her sufferings during the many, weary years since health and strength departed, have been extreme and almost constant, but they have been borne with Christian patience and courage. For the life beyond the grave, to be gained but by the touch of death, had been the burden of many earnest prayers, by the tired sufferer, and it came at last as a quiet, soothing sleep. Mrs. Dodge was a member of the Presbyterian church. The funeral services, held at the home of Mr. S. H. Dodge, at six o'clock Tuesday evening, were conducted by the Rev. Dr. McCorkle.

Information was received here last Sunday of the death of the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Ira S. Younglove of Chicago, which occurred Saturday evening. The deceased was a little girl, four years of age. Mrs. D. L. Quirk, mother of Mrs. Younglove, left Sunday evening to attend the funeral, which occurred Monday.

Mr. Jacob Rathfon, an old and highly esteemed resident of Pittsfield, died Wednesday night, somewhat unexpectedly, of heart diseases, at the residence of his son, F. D. Rathfon. The funeral will be held Saturday morning, at ten o'clock.

The playing of the Ypsilanti band on the east side, last Saturday evening, was an attraction that filled Cross street near the depot with listeners during the two hours of their free concert. The band has greatly improved in its playing during the past few months, and now makes music that gives reason for no little local pride. They will give another free concert on the east side next Saturday evening. The central portions of the city were also provided with attractions Saturday evening—a soap peddler with a clown and a guitar on Huron street, and a retailer of twenty-five cent magnifying glasses, with a discordant vocalist and a banjo, on Washington street. It was a regular "big day", Saturday night.

A soiled, sad-eyed son of destiny, bearing with him the odors of other days and decayed vegetables and a hand organ, led a procession of small boys through the town Monday. We make some slight pretension to an appreciation of classical music, but there's naught of harmony or melody, eolian or Italian, the singing of the stars or the music of the spheres, that fills and thrills our nature as do the wild, wierd notes of Annie Laurie and Sweet Violets, produced by a venerable hand organ. And how we yearn to be a boy again, with a stone-bruise and one suspender, when we gaze at the fortune-favored urchins who can follow the musical machine all day long and still retain their standing in the best society.

A Sharp Subject.

Scissors, shears, razors and carving knives, ground and sharpened in first-class manner, at Geo. Witmire's barber shop, on Huron street.

Personal.

Mrs. R. C. Dolson is visiting relatives and friends in Canada.

Mrs. J. W. Babbitt and Miss Nora are visiting at Alma.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson of this city are visiting at Belleville, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Forbes.

Mrs. Bancroft, who has been visiting at Cass City during the past two months, returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. Daniel Putnam accompanied by her daughter, is spending a few weeks on the lake shores.

Mr. E. P. Allen is attending the Waterways Convention at Sault St. Marie.

Mrs. Annie Soper, of Flint, is visiting here, the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. E. Dickinson, of the fourth ward.

Frank Olinger, an employe of THE YPSILANTIAN office, is visiting in Detroit this week.

Mrs. George Gould left Tuesday for a three weeks' visit with friends in Detroit and St. Clair.

Mrs. M. G. Tyler of Cass avenue, Detroit, is visiting here, the guest of Mrs. E. R. E. Cowell, on Mill street.

Mr. A. A. Stone of Arietta, N. Y., formerly in the grocery business here, is spending a ten-day's vacation in this city.

Mrs. McDowell, accompanied by her daughter and son, Lou and Don, left Friday last for Corunna, where they will spend the next four weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Peet and son Max, of Iosco, who have been visiting relatives here during the past week, returned home to-day.

Clark Wortley and daughters, Mollie and Nellie, left Monday for a sojourn of several weeks in the northern lake resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. Langdon Dudley, of Battle Creek, are visiting here, the guests of the latter's brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Whittlesey.

Misses Carrie and Mamie Towner left yesterday for New Hartford, Conn., where they will visit several weeks with relatives and friends.

Mr. W. J. Clark and family left for Petoskey Monday evening. They will be absent from the city until the first of August.

Mrs. J. E. Lawrence and daughter Hattie, who have been visiting with friends in Toledo during the past three weeks, returned home yesterday.

Mr. Thos. Phillips of this city has been appointed administrator of the estate of his sister, Mary Phillips, lately deceased.

Bert Cornwell left for Chicago Tuesday evening. He expects to secure a situation there and become a resident of the western metropolis for the present.

Mr. E. R. E. Cowell made a visit in Wisconsin during the past week, leaving Friday and returning home Tuesday.

Mrs. H. C. Dennis and daughters, Misses Kittie and Lizzie, go to Detroit to-morrow, and will visit with friends there, returning home Tuesday.

Clinton Elder, the talented young vocalist formerly a student at the Normal Conservatory, spent part of the past week with friends in this city.

Mr. James H. R. McVicar of this city was admitted to the Washtenaw County bar last week, and is now prepared for regular law practice.

Miss Ada A. Norton left Tuesday for a two-week's visit in Batavia and Rochester, N. Y., and will then go to Chautauqua where she will spend two or three weeks.

William Lambie arrived in New York Tuesday, on board the steamer State of Nebraska. Charley King will start on his return trip across the ocean to-day, on board the Furnessia.

Prof. George returned from the National Teacher's Convention at Chicago last Thursday, and Mrs. George returned Monday from her visit in the same city.

Dr. Carpenter and wife of Oneida, N. Y., accompanied by Miss Ada Pond of Janesville, Wis. spent Thursday and Friday last in this city, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Curtis.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowers and two daughters, of Perrysburg, Ohio, have made arrangements to take up their residence here next month. They come here that their daughters may attend the Normal.

Mr. D. C. Batchelder returned last Saturday evening from his sojourn at Clifton Springs, N. Y. Mrs. Batchelder is at present visiting in Canada. The health of their little daughter, Florence, was much benefited during their stay at Clifton Springs.

A party of young men, Ben Boyce, Alex Hardy, Will Putnam, Rannie George, Will Marshal, Arthur Sullivan, Archie Drury and Bert Comstock, left Tuesday evening for Base Lake, where they will indulge in camping life for a season.

Mr. T. L. Evans, of the Normal class of '87, who has been sojourning in this city since the closing of the Normal, left Tuesday morning for his home in southern Ohio. Mr. Evans has accepted the Principalship of the Williamston, Mich., schools, and will return to Michigan the last week in August.

We have received a copy of the Martha's Vineyard Herald, published at Cottage City, sent by Mr. Clark Cornwell. It is filled with entertaining sea-side gossip, and gives a glimpse of life and enjoyment along the shores of the Atlantic that we are certain does not borrow enchantment from distance.

We are indebted to Prof. Bellows for a copy of the Sioux Falls Daily Press, containing the full text of Prof. McLouth's address on the occasion of his recent inaugural as President of the Dakota Agricultural College. The address is one of Prof. McLouth's best efforts, and that is the highest praise here, where the superior excellence of all his work in that line is so well known.

While ascending the stairs at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Whitman, last Thursday evening, Miss Fannie Bogardus fell in such a way as to sustain quite a serious shock. She was unable to assist at the concert on the following evening, her place at the piano being taken by Miss Helen Hewitt, but has since entirely recovered from the effects of her fall.

The following complimentary reference to Mr. Foster, who has recently entered the grocery business here, in the room lately occupied by Mrs. H. D. Martin, is taken from the Albion Mirror: "Our old friend, C. H. Foster, after twenty years' experience in the grocery business in this city, is about to open a similar store in Ypsilanti. As a business man, we regret that Mr. Foster has seen fit to leave Albion, but our loss will be a gain to Ypsilanti; for there, as it has always been here, Mr. F. will command the esteem and respect of all who become acquainted with him. As city clerk, members of all parties supported him for the office, and his ability to serve the people, as an office holder, received the hearty commendation of all our citizens."

Mere Mention.

Mr. J. M. B. Sill will condnct the services at St. Luke's church next Sunday morning.

Mr. A. P. Bucklin has had the front of his Huron street block, opposite the postoffice, embellished with paint in a manner artistic and striking.

The dogs must be muzzled. So say the City Council and Marshal Cremer, and you fail to obey them at the penalty of losing your dog and paying a fine.

The regular quarterly meeting occurs at the Methodist church here next Sunday. Preparatory service will be held Friday evening.

The Huron river is very low at present, so low indeed that it more resembles a cow-pasture drain than the once ambitious and useful stream we knew it to be.

A base ball game at Milan last Friday, between a club of small boys from Ypsilanti and the Milan club, resulted in a victory for the latter club by a score of 17 to 7.

Blackberries made their appearance in market this week, retailing at 12½ cents per quart. In southern Ohio they are a drug on the market at ten cents per gallon.

Three thousand dollars are being raised at Ann Arbor to sink a well for natural gas or mineral water—natural gas if it can be found, if not, mineral water will be accepted.

A horse belonging to Mr. Fred Cleveland "run away" last Saturday, making a general distribution of the pieces of the wagon to which he was attached, along Hamilton street.

The death of Mr. L. A. Barnes creates a vacancy in the School Board of the city, but as Mr. Barnes' term expired in September next the vacancy will be permitted to exist until that time.

At a meeting of the School Board Tuesday evening it was decided to repaint the entire interior of the high school building. It was also decided not to build the new colored school building this year.

At a special meeting of the Directors of the First National Bank, last Saturday evening, Mr. Charles King was elected vice-President, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. L. A. Barnes.

A lawn entertainment will be given at the residence of Mr. Champlin, on the east side, Friday evening, July 19, by the ladies of St. Luke's Church. The proceeds will be applied to the organ-moving fund.

A meeting of the State Board of Education with the Normal Faculty was held at the Normal last Friday evening, to consult as to plans for the new Normal buildings. Another meeting will be held next week.

At the meeting of the Knights of Maccabees last Wednesday evening, Mr. A. J. Paisley was elected to represent Wolverine Tent at the General Council to be held in Grand Rapids, in August. Walter Brooks was elected alternate.

A trotting association is being organized at Milan, and grounds will be located and arrangements probably made for a fall trotting meeting. Shares of the association are sold at $25 each, and are being purchased by all the prominent citizens of the village.

Another effort is being made to organize a Camp of the Sons of Veterans in this city. The effort should succeed. There are about forty young men here whose fathers were soldiers in the late war, and if there is any good purpose to be served by an organization they ought to organize.

The meeting of the regents and the trustees of the Harper hospital, in Detroit, Monday evening, to consider the removal of the clinical department of the University to Detroit, accomplished little except the arrival at a mutual understanding in the matter. It is not by any means certain that the clinical department will be removed.

At the meeting of the Business Men's Association, at the First National Bank Tuesday evening, several new names were proposed for membership and further arrangements in the line of the purposes of the Association discussed and decided. The standing committees will be named at the meeting next Tuesday evening.

"Prof. Jones' Celebrated Ypsilanti Cornet Band," composed of young colored men, played on the streets, last Monday evening, serenading Mr. David Uhl. The boys are energetic musicians, and in the matter of harmony and melody are rapidly improving. Their present ambition is to secure new uniforms.

Operations are partially suspended at the Dress Stay factory this week, by reason of the lack of spring steel. The steel used in the manufacture of the Ever-Ready Stays is of the finest quality and is made by but two firms in this country; and the output of both firms of the steel desired has not lately been sufficient to fill the orders of the Dress Stay Company.

The Ypsilanti and Prospect Chautauqua Circles held picnics Friday last, the former in Starkweather's grove and the latter on the opposite bank of the river, in Barnes' woods. In spite of the unusual heat of Friday, the Chautauquans enjoyed themselves, their amusements consisting of the kind usual to picnics, eating, drinking, singing, screaming, swinging, riding, walking talking, falling, fooling, laughing, lounging and—but you know how it is yourself.

In our mention of the concert at the Opera House last Friday evening we failed to mention Prof. Sill's most enjoyable part in it, the recitation of the Sandolphin. He had given it here before, and the pleasure its first rendition gave was that which induced the managers of the concert to request its repetition. Another feature that assisted in making the concert the splendid musical success it was, was the accompaniment playing by Miss Helen Hewitt.

We have received the program prepared for the fourth annual reunion and encampment of the G. A. R. Association of southeastern Michigan, to be held at Adrian Aug. 30, 31, and Sept. 1 and 2. Gen. Phil. Sheridan will be the principal attraction of the occasion, though Gov. Luce, Senators Palmer and Stockbridge, and several Michigan Congressmen, including Capt. Allen, are on the program for short addresses. The program promises the greatest military display ever witnessed in Michigan.

John J. Evans, chairman of the committee of arrangements for the celebration of the emancipation of the West Indies and also of Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, at Battle Creek, Tuesday Aug. 2, sends us an invitation to be present and a program of the exercises. The orator of the day will be Hon. P. B. S. Pinchback, of Louisiana. Archie Foster is on the list of vice-presidents, and J. C. Embrose is a member of the masquerade ball honorary committee.

A pleasant evening party was given by Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Whitman, at their residence on Huron street last Thursday evening. Among the guests present, were Miss Ella Joslyn of New York, Dr. Baker of Lansing, Judge Joslyn and wife of Ann Arbor, Dr. V. C. Vaughan and wife, Ann Arbor, J. Knowlton and wife, Ann Arbor, Mrs. Charles Kintner, Philadelphia, Mr. J. E. Scott and wife, Ann Arbor, and fifty or more of the Ypsilanti friends of Mr. and Mrs. Whitman. Music, refreshments and dancing were enjoyable features of the occasion, though the irrepressible host himself was the cause and source of more genuine enjoyment than all other features combined. Charley can assume more gravity and dignity than is required by a cemetery trustee, when circumstances make such assumption necessary, and he can also unbend and "hold the house" in a manner that would fill the heart of a Salvation Army captain with envy.

Mr. John Taylor has presented us with two papers printed in the old world, one the Freeman's Journal published in Dublin, and the other the L'Opinione, printed at Rome. The Freeman's Journal is a seventy-two column affair, four-fifths advertisements, with editorials three feet in length, four feet deep and heavy as lead. It has no city department, no local news, no news paragraphs, no American telegrams or correspondence, and for early morning reading would seem to be about as desirable as would be a Congressional agricultural report. The L'Opinione is printed in Italian and has the dingy back-number appearance that stamps it as the product of blacksmith printers. We haven't finished reading the Italian publication as yet, but we have read far enough to learn that indigestion, asthma and bald heads are as incidental to humanity in the Eternal City as in Ypsilanti, and that they have the perigozzi enloglco and other patent medicines there as here, that will cure 'em every time, for sale by all druggists, or words to that effect.

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, - MICH.

THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1887.

Perry, Shawassee county, Mich., has not a single dry-goods store.

An unknown man attempted to steal a lightning-rod from a house at Gainsville, Tex.

Bishop Warren of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is on his way to China to look after the missions there.

Night-Watchman Balkcom of Waycross, Ga., rings the hours with a sledge-hammer pendulum and circular-saw regulator.

Elder Ward of Ionia, Mich., has a curiosity. It is a full-grown orange with one-quarter of a lemon grown perfectly in one side of it.

A Battle Creek (Mich.) citizen has among his collection of trophies the scalps of two Indians—one killed at the battle of Little Sandy, Col.

In digging wells in Kimball, Neb., a fossil stratum is encountered and quite interesting specimens have been dug up at a depth of from forty-five to fifty feet.

The Rev. Dr. Henry M. Scudder intends to spend the rest of his life in Japan. He has given a farewell lecture on that country in his old church at San Francisco.

The late Dr. Mark Hopkins was a tall but muscular man, with a kindly face and eye. He carried his heart upon his sleeve, and in consequence was often imposed upon.

Henry Palmer of Selma, Ill., is the owner of a wonderful rat-killing dog. Several weeks ago it killed 147 rats in less than an hour and a half. It is 14 years old and has but three legs.

A cat at Hayes, Tex., takes great delight in walking over the keys of a piano. She seems particularly fond of the high notes and executes a regular dance on the ivories at that end of the key-board.

William H. Stevenson, Vice-President and General Manager of the Boston, Hoosac Tunnel & Western Railroad, is only 35, but is looked upon as the coming man in railway circles in New England.

Mr. J. B. Junker of Jasper, Ind., has an eyeless chicken. It was hatched out a week ago, and has but slight indentations where the eyes ought to be. It follows the mother around the yard and keeps close to her.

William Smith, a cowboy in the Staked Plains, Texas, was shot in the head some months ago and has recovered with the exception that he is unable to connect spoken words. He can write with perfect ease.

Miss Robinson, daughter of ex-Gov. Lucius Robinson of New York, once broke an engagement of marriage with the Rev. Dr. George Alexander, an eminent Presbyterian divine, because she did not want to live in Schenectady, where he was located.

Mr. Levi Z. Leiter, who has recently occupied Mr. Blaine's house in Washington, has gone to Europe with his family for a year's tour. He went West from Pennsylvania thirty-five years ago a poor boy, and is now rated at $5,000,000, owning more improved Chicago business property than any other one man.

Mules and horses in the far west frequently die of a peculiar trouble. The beard of wild oats or barley becomes fixed in the animal's jaw, encysts, and grows there, assisted by the tartar of the teeth. **A calcareous formation of** this sort, oval in shape and weighing a pound, was recently taken from the mouth of an Oregon horse.

A ragged, lame, and very dirty tramp visited the stores of a town near Olean, N. Y., and begged a cake of soap. The purpose was so apparent that the fellow was rarely refused. After putting in a busy day at this he held an auction at night and disposed of his day's plunder, obtaining money enough to keep him in luxuries for some time.

Mr. Norman V. Randolph, a well-known Richmond, Va., manufacturer, opposes the idea that the south owes its success to the young men who have grown up since the war. Mr. Randolph contends that in the great majority of cases the successful men of the south have been the confederate veterans who learned the lesson of perseverance and abstinence in camp.

Gen. Sherman in his West Point speech to the recent graduates said: "There is an old saying that 'knowledge is power.' This is not true. Action is power, and when guided by knowledge produces the largest measure of results. I have encountered men who knew more of the science of war than Grant, Meade, or Hancock whom I would not have intrusted with a picket guard."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is slowly recovering from her recent dangerous illness. It is announced that she will soon bid farewell forever to Meriden, Conn. She has never liked the place. It is lacking in sentiment and passion and does not fully appreciate the genius of Mrs. Wilcox. After passing the summer at some quiet watering-place the poetess will return to her home in Wisconsin.

Senator Henry B. Anthony of Rhode Island used to tell a story of a policeman who recovered on a steamboat a pocketbook which had been stolen from the good Bishop Griswold. "I did not want any reward," said the policeman, "and I would not have taken anything, but I did think the Bishop might have said: 'O, damn it, Smith, take $10.' If he had just said that I should have been satisfied."

Dr. Arthur Stradling writes to the London *Lancet* that he has apparently discovered a simple remedy for arresting cancerous growth. It is dried carbonate of lime, to which is added 2½ per cent of the phosphate, to imitate the product of oyster shells as much as possible. Of this the patient takes as much as can be heaped up on a sixpence (about the size of a 10-cent piece) three times a day, in a dessert spoonful of milk. After nineteen months, in the case of his patient, the growth of the tumor was undoubtedly arrested.

An English traveler in Abyssinia relates the following incident for the benefit, as he says, of unlucky sportsmen:

When a lance gets a little crooked it is usual to suspend it, with a large stone or other weight fastened to its butt, in order to straighten it; and I have seen a gun hung up in the same way, with a stone to its muzzle.

On inquiring of the man why he had done this, he answered, "Because it shot crooked."

"Hadn't you better hang a stone to your eye?" I asked.—*Youth's Companion.*

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Subject: "From Dungeon to Palace."

TEXT:—The time of my departure is at hand.—[Timothy, iv., 6.]

The way out of this world is so blocked up with coffin and hearse, and undertaker's spade and screw-driver, that the Christian can hardly think as he ought of the most cheerful passage in all his history. We hang black instead of white over the place where the good man gets his last victory. We stand weeping over a heap of chains which the freed soul has shaken off, and we say:

"Poor man! What a pity it was he had to come to this!"

Come to what! By the time the people have assembled at the obsequies that man has been three days so happy that all the joy of earth accumulated would be wretchedness beside it, and he might better weep over you because you have to stay, than you weep over him because he has to go. It is a fortunate thing that a good man does not have to wait to see his own obsequies; they would be so discordant with his own experience. If the Israelites should go back to Egypt and mourn over the brick-kilns they once left, they would not be any more silly than that Christian who should forsake heaven and come down and mourn because he had to leave this world. Our ideas of the Christian's death are morbid and sickly. We look upon it as a dark hole in which a man stumbles when his breath gives out. This whole subject is odorous with varnish and disinfectants, instead of being sweet with mignonette. Paul, in my text, takes that great clod of a word "death" and throws it away, and speaks of his "departure"—a beautiful, bright, suggestive word, descriptive of every Christian's release.

Now, departure implies a starting place and a place of destination. When Paul left this world, what was the starting point? It was a scene of great physical distress. It was the Tullianum, the lower dungeon of the Mamertine prison. The top dungeon was bad enough, it having no means of ingress or egress but through an opening in the top. Through that the prisoner was lowered, and through that came all the food and air and light received. It was a terrible place, that upper dungeon; but the Tullianum was the lower dungeon, and that was still more wretched, the only light and the only air coming through the roof, and that roof the floor of the upper dungeon.

That was Paul's last earthly residence. It was a dungeon just 6½ feet high. It was a doleful place. It had the chill of long centuries of dampness. It was filthy with the long incarcerations of miserable wretches. It was there that Paul spent his last days on earth, and it is there that I see him to-day, in the fearful dungeon, shivering, blue with the cold, waiting for that old overcoat which he had sent for up to Troas, and which they had not sent down, notwithstanding he had written for it.

If some skillful surgeon should go into that dungeon where Paul is incarcerated, we might find out what are the prospects of Paul's living through the rough imprisonment. In the first place, he is an old man, only two years short of 70. At that very time when he most needs the warmth and the sunlight and the fresh air he is shut out from the sun. What are those scars on his ankles? Why those were gotten when he was fast, his feet in the stocks. Every time he turned, the flesh on his ankles started. What are those scars on his back? You know he was whipped five times, each time getting thirty-nine stroke—195 bruises on the back (count them!) made by the Jews with rods of elmwood, each one of the 195 strokes bringing the blood. Look at Paul's face and look at his arms! Where did he get those bruises? I think it was when he was struggling ashore amidst the shivered timbers of the shipwreck. I see a gash in Paul's side. Where did he get that? I think he got that in the tussle with the highwaymen, for he had been in peril of robbers, and he had money of his own. He was a mechanic as well as an apostle, and I think the tents he made were as good as his sermons.

There is a wanness about Paul's looks. What makes that? I think a part of that came from the fact that he was for twenty-four hours on a plank in the Mediterranean Sea, suffering terribly before he was rescued; for he says positively:

"I was a night and a day in the deep."

Oh, worn-out, emaciated old man! surely you must be melancholy; no constitution could endure this and be cheerful. But I press my way through the prison until I come up close to where he is, and by the faint light that streams through the opening I see on his face a supernatural joy, and I bow before him and I say:

"Aged man, how can you keep cheerful amidst all this gloom?"

His voice startles the darkness of the place as he cries out:

I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

Hark! what is that shuffling of feet in the upper dungeon? Why, Paul has an invitation to a banquet, and he is going to dine to-day with the King. Those shuffling feet are the feet of the executioners. They come, and they cry down through the hole of the dungeon:

"Hurry up, old man. Come now; get yourself ready."

Why, Paul was ready. He had nothing to pack up. He had no baggage to take. He had been ready a good while. I see him rising up and straightening out his stiffened limbs, and pushing back his white hair from his creviced forehead, and see him looking up through the hole in the roof of the dungeon into the face of his executioner, and hear him say:

I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

Then they lift him out of the dungeon, and they start with him to the place of execution. They say:

"Hurry along, old man, or you will feel the weight of our spears. Hurry along."

"How far is it," says Paul, "we have to travel?"

"Three miles."

Three miles is a good way for an old man to travel after he has been whipped and crippled with maltreatment. But they soon get to the place of execution—Acquæ Salvia—and he is fastened to the pillar of martyrdom. It does not take any strength to tie him fast. He makes no resistance. O Paul! why not strike for your life? You have a great many friends here. With that withered hand just launch the thunderbolt of the people upon those infamous soldiers. No! Paul was not going to interfere with his own coronation. He was too glad to go. I see him looking up in the face of his executioner, and as the grim official draws the sword, Paul calmly says:

I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

But I put my hand over my eyes. I want not to see that last struggle. One sharp, keen stroke, and Paul does go to the banquet, and Paul does dine with the King.

What a transition it was! From the malaria of Rome to the finest climate in all the universe—the zone of eternal beauty and health. His ashes were put into the catacombs of Rome but in one moment the air of heaven bathed from his soul the last ache. From shipwreck, from dungeon, from the biting pain of the elm wood rods, from the sharp sword of the headsman, he goes into the most brilliant assemblage of heaven, a king among kings, multitudes of the sainthood rushing out and stretching forth hands of welcome; for I do really think that as on the right hand of God is Christ, so on the right hand of Christ is Paul, the second great in heaven.

The time of my departure is at hand.

Now, why can not all the old people of this congregation have the same holy glee as that aged man had? Charles I., when he was combing his head, found a gray hair, and he sent it to the Queen as a great joke; but old age is really no joke at all. For the last forty years you have been dreading what ought to have been an exhileration. You say you most fear the struggle at the moment the soul and body part. But millions have endured that moment, and why not we as well? They got through with it, and so can we. Beside this, all medical men agree in saying that there is probably no struggle at all at the last moment—not so much pain as the prick of a pin, the seeming signs of distress being altogether involuntary. But you say:

"It is the uncertainty of the future."

Now, child of God, do not play the infidel. After God has filled the Bible till it can hold no more with stories of the good things ahead, better not talk about uncertainties. But you say:

"I can not bear to think of parting from friends here."

If you are old you have more friends in heaven than here. Just take the census. Take some large sheet of paper and begin to record the names of those who have emigrated to the other shore—the companions of your school days, your early business associates, the friends of middle life, and those who more recently went away.

You can not bring them where you are, but you can go where they are."

They are more lovely now than ever. Were they beautiful here, they are more beautiful there.

Beside that, it is more healthy there for you than here, aged man; better climate there than these hot summers and cold winters and late springs; better hearing; better eye-sight; more tonic in the air; more perfume in the bloom; more sweetness in the song. Do you not feel, aged man, sometimes, as though you would like to get your arm and foot free? Do you not feel as though you would like to throw away spectacles and canes and crutches? Would you not like to feel the spring and elasticity and mirth of an eternal boyhood? When the point at which you start from this world is old age, and the point to which you go is eternal juvenescence, aged man, clap your hands at the anticipation, and say, in perfect rapture of soul:

The time of my departure is at hand.

I remark, again, all these ought to feel this joy of the text who have a holy curiosity to know what is beyond this earthly terminus. And who has not any curiosity about it? Paul, I suppose, had the most satisfactory view of heaven, and he says:

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

It is like looking through a broken telescope: "Now we see through a glass darkly."

Can you tell me anything about that heavenly place? You ask me a thousand questions about it that I can not answer. I ask you a thousand questions about it that you can not answer. And do you wonder that Paul was so glad when martyrdom gave him a chance to go over and make discoveries it that blessed country.

A man doomed to die stepped on the scaffold and said in joy:

"Now, in ten minutes I will know the great secret."

One minute after the vital functions ceased, the little child that died last night in Montague street knew more than Jonathan Edwards, or St. Paul himself, before he died.

Friends, the exit from the world, or death if you please to call it, to the Christian, is glorious explanation. It is demonstration. It is illumination. It is sunburst. It is the opening of all the windows. It is shutting up the catechism of doubt, and the unrolling of all the scrolls of positive and accurate information. Instead of standing at the foot of the ladder and looking up, it is standing at the top of the ladder and looking down. It is the last mystery taken out of botany, and geology and astronomy and theology.

O, will it not be grand to have all questions answered? The perpetually recurring interrogation point changed for the mark of exclamation. All riddles solved. Who will fear to go out on that discovery, and when all the questions are to be decided which we have been discussing all our lives? Who shall not clap his hands in the anticipation of that blessed country, if it be no better than through holy curiosity, crying:

The time of my departure is at hand.

The Bible intimates that we will talk with Jesus in heaven just as a brother talks with a brother. Now, what will you ask him first? I do not know. I I can think what I would ask Paul first, if I saw him in heaven. I think I would like to hear him describe the storm that came upon the ship when there were 275 souls on the vessel, Paul being the only man on board cool enough to describe the storm. There is a fascination about a ship, and the sea that I shall never get over, and I think I would like to hear him talk about that first.

But when I meet my Lord Jesus Christ, of what shall I first delight to hear him speak? Now I think what it is: I shall first want to hear the tragedy of his last hours; and then Luke's account of the crucifixion, and Mark's account of the crucifixion, and John's account of the crucifixion will be nothing, while from the living lips of Christ the story shall be told of the gloom that fell, and the devils that arose, and the fact that upon his endurance depended the rescue of a race; and there was darkness in the sky, and there was darkness in the soul, and the pain became more sharp, and the burdens became more heavy, until the mob began to swim away from the dying vision of Christ, and the cursing of the mob came to his ear more faintly, and his hands were fastened to the horizontal piece of the cross, and his feet were fastened to the perpendicular piece of the cross, and his head fell forward in a swoon as he uttered the last moan, and cried:

It is finished.

All heaven will stop to listen until the story is done; and every harp will be put down, and every lip closed and all eyes fixed on the divine narrator until the story is done; and then, at the tap of the baton, the eternal orchestra will rouse up, finger on the string of harp and lips to the mouth of trumpet, there shall roll forth the oratorio of the Messiah:

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing, and riches, and honor, and glory, and power, world without end!

What he endured, oh, who can tell,
To save our soul from death and hell!

When there was between Paul and that magnificent personage only the thinness of the sharp edge of the sword of the executioner, do you wonder that he wanted to go? O, my Lord Jesus, let one wave of that glory roll over this auditory! Hark! I hear the wedding bells of heaven ringing now. The marriage of the Lamb has come, and the bride hath made herself ready.

An Italian Peasant.

Life beneath an Italian sky is popularly imagined to be a pleasing form of existence. Such, however, does not appear to be invariably the case. Day laborers who possess nothing are the majority of the inhabitants; they amount in Piedmont to one-fifth of the population. The landlords are habitually absentees, taking no interest whatever in their tenants, in return for which they have excluded almost every man of means from the list of councilors at the communal elections. The Townspeople deride and despise country folks, and are looked upon by them as proud and selfish. In Novara the farm laborer is said "to contend with every species of privation from the cradle to the grave." His infancy is passed in the care of strangers or rolling in the mud; at 7 years old he receives a few months per year of schooling, and passes the remainder in tending goats; at 10 he already gains some small wages; at 12 he sleeps away from home and is regularly employed, and at 15 he undertakes the hardest of farm work. The men rise in summer at 2 a. m., in winter at 4 a. m., awakened by beating a stick on an empty box; in the former season they work from twelve to fifteen hours per day. When ill the hospital receives them; when old and unfit for work they are forsaken and uncared for. Yet the peasants seldom take to begging, even when deprived of all resources. Girls take part in field work at the age of 14 or 15. At night they catch frogs and fish in the marshes. At 30 they are mature woman old at 40, decrepit at 50 with bent backs and bronzed faces. Many families lead a nomadic life. Every Michaelmas their household goods, worth perhaps a total of £6, are packed on a bullock cart, and a new home or situation is sought. In the hill regions many of the villages are notable for their excessive filth. Throughout the plains master and workman live together for years without the change of a syllable of good will. In every hamlet class distinctions are complete down the entire gamut of the social scale.

The Hyme of Buddha.

About five hundred miles from its mouth on the left bank of the Ganges, the great sacred river of the Hindoo people, to propitiate which only a few years ago mothers were wont to offer up their babies, is the city of idols and the home of idolatry, Benares. It is to Hindoo what Mecca is to the Mohammedan, and a pilgrimage to it some time during his life is the necessary journey of every true Indian pagan. Though there are no historical records to prove it, it is generally conceded that it is one of the most ancient cities in the world, and that even when Rome was founding Benares was centuries old. It is most peculiarly native in its streets, its buildings, and its inhabitants, and of all places in India, it is the place to see the aboriginal habits, customs, and people. It numbers its temples in the thousands, but its shrines are so many that no attempt is made to number them. The sacred monkey runs up and down the walls and over the altars of the temple of Durga Kund, and the sacred bulls and cows wander about that of Annapura and feed on the garlands that the worshippers cast before them. Just outside the city is the spot made sacred by Buddha's presence, and the tanks in which he bathed himself, his garments, and his religious vessels, said to have been protected from the contamination of man by fiery dragons. Benares is the religious seat of India, and might not inappropriately be called the capital of heathenism.

Had Been There Himself.

They were conversing together in the Baltimore depot, and one of them remarked:

"I shan't go into Wall street blind. I have friends who will give me pointers."

A man who was wheeling a baggage truck overheard the remark, stopped short to look at the speaker, and then spat on his hands to renew his grip of the handles, and then said:

"Jess so. That's the way I went there with $30,000 in my pocket, and them pointers brought me here. Better get your application in for a job, mister."—*Wall Street News.*

Wife—Now that you have bought a cow, who will milk it? Husband—Oh, he says the calf does that.—*Life.*

Wild Wests.

Every circus on the road this summer has a "Wild West" attachment. It consists of a dozen men, never before this side of the Connecticut river, the regular spotted circus horses, three or four Pequod Indians from Massachusetts, a yearling calf and a spavined steer with a piece of buffalo robe tied over his shoulders.

The men who are supposed to represent cowboys are helped onto their horses, and if the horse is less than twenty years old they are usually tied on, and then they chase the steer over the great, undulating plain of the circus ring, and shoot at him with wooden guns, and bother the poor animal till he turns around and shakes his head and scares them away.

The yearling calf is then led in and after the man takes the halter off, and kicks at it so it won't follow him back, the cowboys proceed to rope it with clothes lines. They go rushing around the range, run into each other, and two or three of them fall off and get stepped on and are pulled out by the clown, who stays in the ring to make it seem natural and just like a western round-up. All this time the calf is standing still and scratching his head on the center-pole. The cowboys continue to ride around and yell feebly and catch one another's horses with the clothes lines, and lose their hats and get off to pick them up, and some of the horses will balk and the riders will climb down and try to lead them. After the audience has grown tired and about half of it has gone, the head cowboy, who is supposed to be Buffalo Bill, falls off and grasps the calf by the tail and Texas Jack walks up and slips a bed-cord around its neck and leads it away, while the Buffalo Bill goes along behind and pushes it when it acts balky. It is a wild, wild show, and any body at all nervous shouldn't go near it.—*Dakota Bell.*

Among the "Thousand Islands."

Indeed, among the islands one lives upon the water. By a certain tacit understanding between the islanders, every resident has a recognized right to explore every other resident's petty domain. No obtrusive notice-boards flaunt before the innocent face of heaven the anti-social and wholly uncalled for information that trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law. On the contrary, the usual formula painted on the neat little placard beside the tiny landing-stages assumes the optative rather than the imperative mood: "Parties landing on this island are requested to kindly abstain from damaging the ferns and flowers." The fact is, all the islanders are there as summer visitors only; each possesses but a tiny realm of his own, often beautifully varied, but always readily exhausted of its native interest; and the whole charm of the spot would evaporate entirely if proprietors insisted with ingrained British churlishness upon their legal right to shut themselves in from landless humanity with the effectual protest of a high brick wall. Accordingly, everybody always lands freely, no man hindering, upon everybody else's private island; and the day is mostly passed in wandering (afloat) in a delicious, aimless fashion down tiny channels between islets, stopping here to pick a rare wild-flower from a cliff on the side, and halting there to explore and climb some jutting rock whose peak promises a wider view over all the surrounding little archipelagoes.—*Grant Allen in Popular Science Monthly.*

The Boston *Budget* tells this story of a Boston school on "exhibition day:" The teacher gave out the word "hazardous" for a boy to spell and to her great surprise he promptly spelled it "hazardless. Thinking that the definition might jog his memory in regard to the orthographical blunder of which he was guilty, she asked him to give the meaning, whereupon her astonishment was intensified with the reply: "A female hazzard."

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MICHIGAN.

Condensed Reports of the Latest News from all Parts of the State.

—A Dexter basket factory turned out 125,000 baskets this season.

—That $2,500 sewer at Mariette will be settled by special vote on the 18th.

—John Wichman, of East Saginaw, nearly cut out his right eye whittling the other day.

—William H. Hendricks committed suicide by shooting at L'Anse Wednesday night. No cause.

—Gabriel Grobe met a horrible death in Marquette. He was knocked across a circular saw and cut in two.

—The annual festival of the Tuscola County Pioneer society will be held on the fair-grounds in Cairo Aug. 29.

—The Grandjean grist-mill at Kalamazoo, together with its contents, was destroyed by fire. Loss, $5,000, uninsured.

—William Thorpe, of Kawkawlin, has been appointed commissioner to construct the Kawkawlin and country line state road.

—Maj. J. R. Stone, who died of Bright's disease at Benton Harbor, a few days ago, had just reached his seventieth birthday.

—At Detroit on the 21st Johnson and Harry Wilkes will race for a special purse of $3,000, Johnson to a wagon and Wilkes to harness.

—The Deming Foundry, operated by R. E. Werkman, and one dwelling were destroyed by fire at Holland. The total loss is 4,000, with no insurance.

—A telegram from Metropolitan says that the pump in the Sturgeon river mine has given out, and the shaft, 100 feet deep, has been filled with water, drowning eight men.

—The Iosco county board of supervisors have held a meeting and unanimously resolved to prosecute Dr. Weir to the fullest extent of the law. His second trial begins July 12.

—Preparations are being made for an Indian camp-meeting on the Indian fields, two miles southwest of Caro, July 15. Tribes from the southern part of the state and Canada will be present.

—The supreme court has ordered the board of supervisors of Branch county to pay the account rendered by parties in Quincy for property destroyed by order of the board of health of that township.

—Laboring men are warned against going to Manistique with the expectancy of obtaining work at high prices. A correspondent says there are "scores of men in that vicinity who can get no work except on the railroad at $1.80 per day."

—Thornapple lake will be a scene of high carnival on the 23d inst., when the printers of Barry county hold their big picnic and banquet. It is proposed to have something besides printers' pi to eat and something besides a composing stick in the lemonade.

—Thomas Paddock, a farmer, residing about six miles south of Coldwater, lost $180, which money was intended for the last payment on his place. Mr. Paddock is a poor man. The money was drawn from the bank Saturday late in the afternoon, but was not missed until Sunday morning.

—The Secretary of the Interior affirmed the decision of the Land Commissioner sustaining the action of the local officers of the Marquette District in rejecting the application of Johnathan R. Gapen to locate revolutionary county land warrants under the act of Congress approved Apr. 11, 1860. The records show that the tracts were previously patented to A. Matthews and Jay C. Morse respectively.

—Fifty section hands on the Tittabawassee boom struck for an advance of $5 per month. The wages of sorters and runners, except head men, were raised on the first of the month from $2 to $5 per month. It is believed that the company will concede the demands of the men, as many mills are short of logs. The company has rafted less than 130,000,000 feet to date, less than one-half the output at this date last year.

—Gen. L. W. Heath of Grand Rapids was arrested on a capias issued at the instance of Robert T. Walker, foreman of Perkins & Co.'s machine-works, who claims $10,000 damages for the ailienation of his wife's affections. Gen. Heath is a prominent citizen and politician. He succeeded Zachariah Chandler as member of the Republican National committee for Michigan and has held the position for the last six years. He was released on a bond for $5,000.

—Hundreds of mining-men have flocked to see the gold specimens at the First National Bank at Ishpeming. Essays made show the rock to be richer in gold than anything ever yet found. The Lake Superior Iron Company has put a fence around the property. A number of options and leases of adjoining lands have been secured. Joseph S. Fay, of Boston, General Manager of the Lake Superior Company, is expected there in a few days. The shaft in which gold was discoved is down twenty-two feet, but work is stopped temporarily.

—The national waterway convention, a meeting of those interested in the improvement of the national waterways, will be held at Sault Ste. Marie Wednesday, July 20, for the purpose of memorializing congress and selecting representatives to visit Washington the coming winter and present to the river and harbor committee of the house and committee on commerce of the senate statistics, with accompanying maps, showing the necessity and reasons for larger appropriations to the new lock and Hay lake channel of St. Mary's river, and such other national works as may be deemed advisable.

—A Detroit special says, the natural gas craze that is so prevalent in the vicinity of Detroit can hardly be said to have reached Detroit, although there are borings being made but a comparatively short distance from the city hall. A well, started by a Pittsburgh company of capitalists two years ago and sunk to the depth of 2,500 feet, is being put down another 500 feet. This is twelve miles northwest of the city. Another well, by a second company, is being bored within six miles of the city. Experiments made a couple of years ago satisfied the investigating parties that the vein which has been tapped at Port Huron passes within three or four miles of Detroit.

—According to the Michigan monthly crop report issued by the Secretary of State, the total yield of wheat for 1887, from supervisors' figures, was 27,450,131 bushels, of which there is now in farmers' hands about 5 per cent. The average for 1889, obtained from the same, is 1,653,523, and the average yield per acre, as estimated by correspondents, in the southern four tiers is 13; in the central 15, and in the northern counties 14¾ bushels. These figures indicate a probable yield of 21,600,000 bushels as the crop for '87. The conditions are such, however, that it is believed at the department that the Treasurer's figures may materially differ from present estimate Harvesting is well under way in the southern four tiers of counties, and reports of the ravages of the hessian fly in this section came from 481 correspondents. Some sections are suffering severely from draught.

A Pretty Story.

Miss Linwood had the privilege of copying any pictures in the gallery at Belvoir castle, the duke and duchess of Rutland being her kind and intimate friends. It must have been about 1825 or 1826 that she had just finished her copy of a precious landscape by (I think) Poussin when a friend of the duke, a great connoisseur, visited him and desired to see this picture. He came with the duke to Miss Linwood's house for the purpose. The landscape was brought into the room and carefully placed in a good light. The art critic was delighted and voluble in his admiration, but when he arose and approached for a nearer view Miss Linwood ordered "the other picture" to be fetched and placed beside the first one, which was then found to be her own work, so perfect were her imitations.

The dowager duchess of Rutland had been a renowned beauty, as a most lovely engraved portrait she gave to Miss Linwood bore witness. One day when her grace's little granddaughter was with her she, stroking the pretty young cheek, exclaimed with a sigh: "Ah! my dear, what would you not give to be as beautiful as I was."

The young lady was equal to the occasion, and, raising the fair jeweled old hand to her lips, replied: "Just as much, grandmama dear, as you would to be as young as I am. — *London Queen.*

Workingwomen in England.

It has been calculated that there are in England at least 3,000,000 of women and girls in industrial employment, only half of whom are in domestic employment, and, in fact, that half the working-class families of the land are partly maintained by women, while as to wages, the amount of their pay is so small—at any rate those of whom live in London—that "one might suppose that they worked for amusement rather than for a livelihood." From time to time, the *British Weekly* remarks, efforts have been made to attract attention to their deplorable position, but these have been speedily forgotten, and the public has failed to take hold of the present and future condition of our workingwomen. In these circumstances it has been suggested that the celebration of Queen Victoria's jubilee affords a fitting occasion for bringing under the notice of her Majesty and her people the hard lot of many thousands of her sex, and that a representative conference and great public assemblies should be held at about the date of the jubilee to discuss the many questions affecting the prospects of workingwomen. At a preliminary conference it was resolved that such a national conference should be held within the next three months.

Women in the Departments.

Ex-United States Treasurer Spinner writes to *The Post* from his plantation down in Florida to defend his laurels for having been the first to introduce women into the public departments. The communication is nearly two columns long, and winds up as follows: "This communication is made not alone to justify the truth of history in regard to the employment of women in the treasury, either as trimmers of treasury notes or as clerks, but to set me right in regard to the fact that it was through my instrumentality that females were first employed in the public offices of the government of the United States, both as note trimmers and afterward as clerks. I confess to being somewhat sensitive on this subject, for whatever other little good I may have done in the world, it is on this particular act of doing justice to women that I pride myself, and on which I found my hope of salvation, feeling sure that if St. Peter is the man he is believed to be he will without hesitation at once let me in on this ticket."—*Cleveland Leader.*

A conspicuous object in front of the house of commons the other day was an army captain, formerly belonging to the 86th regiment, who, in order to attract attention to some unheeded grievance he has against the war office, dressed himself up in the most extraordinary manner. He wore a black undress military suit, a white campaigning shako, two white sachels hanging at his sides, and he carried in his hands an enormous broom, with a handle about four feet long. Dressed in this strange garb and leaning on his broom, he stood silently in front of one of the gates of the house during the greater part of the day. He did not appear to be mad, but he seemed to suffer from great mental distress. His age was about 55, and even in his fantastic uniform he had a respectable and commanding presence. —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"I love you," he protested, "better than my life. I would die for you if necessary." "Oh, nonsense!" replied the practical girl. "Swear to me that you will get up and make the fires, and I'll consider your proposition."—*The Judge.*

A farmer said: "One thing I don't like about city folks—they be either so stuck up that yer can't reach 'em with a haystack pole, or so blamed friendly they forget to pay their board."

Said a teacher in a Pennsylvania town: "Adam was the first man. Surely you know who was the first woman?" Adams mother!" shouted little Sammy G——.

A LASSOOING LESSON.

An Incident in the Life of an Eminent Editorial Philosopher.

In 1859 I was ranching in Santa Clara valley, California, engaged in the cultivation of grain, horses, pigs, chickens, and other domestic produce. It was in the Berryessa district, a few miles northeast of San Jose, and seven miles from Alviso, at the head of San Francisco bay navigation.

One day, early in August, I was out in the mountains east of the valley, hunting after my favorite saddle-horse. I was on foot, and carried a "riatta" in my hand—a genuine Spanish lasso made of rawhide, same as is universally made by Mexicans, native Californians, and "vacqueros" generally. All I had to do when I found my horse was to throw the riatta over his head, take a half-hitch around his nose, leap upon his back, and ride home. But I did not find my horse.

After a tramp of three or four hours I was getting back homeward, hungry and tired. As I passed down through the foothills just east of Niles' ranch, I spied somebody sitting on a rock. He was a queer-looking gentleman, of medium stature, with a gray coat, light felt hat, white whiskers away under his chin, and a peculiar look generally. He had a note book in his hand and was so busily engaged in writing that he did not notice my approach until I was within a few feet of him.

To my salutation of "Good evening, sir," he courteously responded; then said: "Are you acquainted around here, sir?"

"Yes, sir, for some years past. I am ranching just below yonder, where you see that big evergreen tree."

The whole valley lay spread out in pastoral panoramic beauty, checkered off into neatly-fenced farms, with lovely groves, orchards, vineyards, cottage dwellings, and farm-houses scattered all over the landscope.

"Now that's Alviso," said he, "but what road is that running south from it among the trees?"

"That's the Santa Clara road, sir, and the town you see there among the trees is Santa Clara, where the old Mission church is, and the old orchard, established by the Jesuit fathers a hundred years ago."

He noted this down and asked: "What's that heavy row of trees beyond Santa Clara, to the southward?"

"That's the Alameda, a beautiful shaded road three miles long, from Santa Clara to the 'pueblo,' or city, of San Jose. It has two rows of shade trees on each side, planted about a hundred years ago by the native Indians, under the direction of the priests. Every Sunday this road used to be swept clean, and the holy fathers, or padres, with their congregation, used to march in procession from the pueblo to the church at the Mission for divine service. That's San Jose that you see off to the left."

"Yes, I know; I was there yesterday. It's a very nice town."

He eyed me somewhat curiously and remarked: "That's what they call a lasso, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. I've been out hunting after a stray horse, but couldn't find him, so I'm just getting home. I'll get after him on horseback to-morrow."

"But I always thought the lasso had to be used exclusively by a man on horseback. How would you run a horse down on foot and catch him with that rope?"

"Dear me, no; I wouldn't run after the horse at all. I'd just approach him quietly, speak to him gently, and slip the rope over his neck. But if he tried to play shy I'd just throw the loop of the lasso open, this way, and drag it along behind me thus, watch my chance, and give it a side cast this way, getting it over his head before he had a chance to dodge."

The old gent had been sitting sort of sideways on the rock all this time, from some peculiar reason, as he subsequently explained, but right here he arose, laid down his note-book exclaiming: "That's good; in fact, I may say cleverly done. If you can lasso a wild Texas steer as well as you did that bush, all you have to do is to go down into Colorado or New Mexico and make your fortune. Let me try that."

"All right, sir. hold it just this way and swing it a few times around your head after the regular horseback style, and give it a cast over the critter's horns, like this."

"I see," said the old chap, with an increased twinkle of his pleasant gray eyes. "Here goes for *you;* you just stand still."

His cast was eminently successful, for he caught himself by the left leg and right shoulder.

"Bravo," said I. "That's a fancy cast to catch the animal by the shank. It takes an experienced vacquero to do that. If you hadn't raised your hoof just as you threw you couldn't have done it. That's a chance they have to watch."

"All right; but see here now; just imagine me a bullock, and I'll hold up my arms this way, like horns."

"Just so, and you just buck around like a wild steer in a corral." The old fellow did jerk himself about some, but with a scientific whirl or two of the lasso I let go and caught him very near around the waist.

"That'll do," shouted he, as I gave the lasso a lively jerk to make him realize the situation. "You'll do. You can go home."

"Thank you, sir; we've had a little fun; and now, may I ask your name?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. It's Greeley, Horace Greeley."

"The devil!"

"Oh, no, my d r boy: it's only me. Shall be glad to meet you again, some time. Good evening."

"Good evening," responded I, as I turned homeward, musing over the queer adventure and the fact that I had actually interviewed and practically lassoed the eminent philosopher and renowned editor of the New York *Tribune*, Horace Greeley.

An evening or two afterward I attended a public lecture he delivered from a stand erected on the main street of San Jose, to an immense audience. He was suffering considerably from lameness, the result of numerous boils, which he explains on page 382 of his "Recollections of a Busy Life."

A countryman was strolling along Tremont row, Boston one day recently, when he was stopped by a member of the Y. M. C. A., who was inviting passers-by to go in and worship, who said: "Step right up-stairs my friend; you will find a cordial welcome." "No yer don't; yer can't play any of yer confidence games on me. I've hearn tell too much about you fellers to be caught before bein' in the city two hours."

Preserving Game in England.

The laws regarding game are very strict in England, and even in the shooting season no one who does not "preserve" game, as the rearing and care of it is here called, is allowed to kill a rabbit, a partridge, or a pheasant, even on his own property. All such game is considered to belong to those persons in the neighborhood who have "preserves." If a rabbit should come into the garden of the house where we are staying and be found eating the cabbages it may be driven away, but if the owner of the garden should catch or kill it he would be subject to a penalty.

It must not be supposed that the great proprietors are always stingy about their game. On one of the estates of the Prince of Wales each poor man is allowed to come to the house every day in the shooting season and get one rabbit. He is perfectly welcome to the animal, now it is dead, for the prince and his friends could not possibly eat all they shoot; but if he should presume to deprive the owner of the pleasure of killing it he would be a poacher and be put in prison.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Kind of Boys who Drown.

If you have a boy named Bill, or Bud, or Sam or Tom, you need not fear that he will be drowned during the swimming season. The boy who has a plug name, and whose hair stands up straight like a hazel brush, and who has stone bruises on his feet, is not in danger of drowning. But if your son has curly hair, and if he wears shoes in summer, and has a pretty name, you had better let him swim in a wash-bowl.—*Atchison Globe.*

Somebody's Child.

Somebody's child is dying—dying with the flush of hope on his young face, and somebody's mother thinking of the time when that dear face will be hidden where no ray of hope can brighten it—because there was no cure for consumption. Reader, if the child be your neighbor's, take this comforting word to the mother's heart before it is too late. Tell her that consumption is curable; that men are living to-day whom the physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds; surpasses cod liver oil, hypophosphites, and other medicines in curing this disease. Sold by druggists.

A New York pie-maker is reported to have cleared over $1,000,000 in his business.

Mr. W. H. McAlister, Manager Pacific Coast Agency Star Tobacco, 206 Front Street, San Francisco, Cal., writes: "I used one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism in muscles of arm and shoulder. It gave immediate and permanent relief. A member of my family was cured in the same way."

Picturesque Natalie, of Servia, gives her lord and master a choice between abdicating or divorcing her. Queen Natalie was no doubt nee Hobson.—[Philadelphia News].

If you have tumor, (or tumor symptoms) Cancer (or cancer symptoms), Scrofula, Erysipelas. Salt-Rheum, Chronic Weaknesses, Nervousness or other complaints—Dr. Kilmer's FEMALE REMEDY corrects and cures.

A goodly slice of the town of Atchison, Kansas, has been washed away by the Missouri river.

The Washwomen Have the Fever.

A prominent man says his washwoman informs him that she never undertakes a hard days work without Moxie at night and in the morning, when six cents worth in 24 hours gives her such a remarkable strength, and she can do twice as much and not get as tired, and it don't stimulate or lose its effect. The doctors say its effect is like beef-steak on a hungry stomach. It should be taken as often as food. The proprietors say it is not a medicine in any sense.

A lady who advertised for a girl "to do light house work," received a letter from an applicant, who said her health demanded sea air, and asked where the lighthouse was situated.—[Albany Argus].

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

The baby King of Spain is one year old, and he is to have a new uniform.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50c,

Harriet Beecher Stowe was 76 years old Tuesday.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

This successful medicine is a carefully-prepared extract of the best remedies of the vegetable kingdom known to medical science as Alteratives, Blood Purifiers, Diuretics, and Tonics, such as Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Stillingia, Dandelion, Juniper Berries, Mandrake, Wild Cherry Bark and other selected roots, barks and herbs. A medicine, like anything else, can be fairly judged only by its results. We point with satisfaction to the glorious record Hood's Sarsaparilla has entered for itself upon the hearts of thousands of people who have personally or indirectly been relieved of terrible suffering which all other remedies failed to reach. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

35 MEDALS·AWARDED·TO·
BENSONS
Cures Pleurisy, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Backache, Weakness, Colds in the Chest and all Aches and Strains.
CAPCINE
Beware of imitations under similar sounding names. Ask for Benson's and take no —other.—
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·THE·BEST·IN·THE·WORLD·

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$5 TO $8 A DAY. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write BREWSTER SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

LADY Agents coin money with my new Rubber Undergarment. Immense success. MRS. H. F. LITTLE, C., 345, Chicago, Ill.

LADY Agent make $3 per day selling Improved Ideal Hair Curler & Frizzer. Sample 50c. G. L. Thompson, 127 Quincy St., Chicago.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and bilious attacks. By druggists.

Ex-Vice President Hannibal Hamlin will be 78 in August.

HEROES AND HEROINES.

There are few who endure bodily troubles without complaint. Did you ever meet among the heroes or heroines of your acquaintance—if any such there have been—one with a yellowish cast of countenance and that jaundiced aspect generally, which the most unpractised eye recognises as the product of a disordered liver, who did not complain, and peevishly too, of the soreness of the recalcitrant organ, of pains beneath the right shoulder-blade, of dyspeptic symptoms, constipation and headache? Of course you never did, and of course the individual was NOT using Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, or he would not so have looked—so have complained. To purify the blood when contaminated with bile, and conduct the secretion into its proper channel, to re-establish regularity of the bowels, banish bilious headache and remove impediments to complete digestion, nothing can approach in efficacy this peerless alterative and tonic. Malarial complaints, always involving the liver and kidney and bladder inactivity, are remedied by it. It is a capital appetiser.

Gen. Sherman has taken a cottage at Lake George for the summer.

DYSPEPSIA

Is a dangerous as well as distressing complaint. If neglected, it tends, by impairing nutrition, and depressing the tone of the system, to prepare the way for Rapid Decline.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS —THE BEST TONIC

Trade Mark — QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. — On Every Bottle.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

Quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia in all its forms, Heartburn, Belching, Tasting the Food, etc. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, and aids the assimilation of food. REV. J. T. ROSSITER, the honored pastor of the First Reformed Church, Baltimore, Md., says: "Having used Brown's Iron Bitters for Dyspepsia and Indigestion I take great pleasure in recommending it highly. Also consider it a splendid tonic and invigorator, and very strengthening."
HON. JOSEPH C. SUIT, Judge of Circuit Court, Clinton Co., Ind., says: "I bear most cheerful testimony to the efficacy of Brown's Iron Bitters for Dyspepsia, and as a tonic."
Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

For Weak Women.

Mrs Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass: "About the first of September, 1881, my wife was taken with uterine hemorrhage. The best styptics the physician could prescribe could not check it and she got more and more enfeebled. She was troubled with Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhœa, numbness of the limbs, sickness of the stomach and loss of appetite. I purchased a trial bottle of your Vegetable Compound. She said she could discover a salutary effect from the first dose. Now she is comparatively free from the Prolapsus, Stomach's sickness, &c. The hemorrage is very much better and is much less at the regular periods. Her appetite is restored, and her general health and strength are much improved. We feel that we have been wonderfully benefitted and our hearts are drawn out in gratitude for the same and in sympathy for other sufferers, for whose sake we allow our names to be used." C. W. EATON, Thurston, N.Y.

The Compound is put up in Pill, Lozenge and Liquid form. All sold by druggists. The Pills and Lozenges sent by mail on receipt of price.

Beautiful Women

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

Joaquin Miller has sold his log cabin in Washington for $5,100.

Patrick Murray, Sexton St. Patrick's Cemetery, Baltimore, Md., was poisoned by poison oak, and was promptly cured by St. Jacobs Oil. Sold by Druggists and Dealers.

The anti-treating movement recently organized at Macon, Ga., is spreading rapidly through the State.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St, Phila., Pa.

Rules conforming to the Saturday half-holiday law have been adopted by the New York Produce Exchange.

DETECTIVES

Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under our instructions in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Send stamp for particulars. GRANNAN DETECTIVE BUREAU, 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT CURED AT HOME. NO PAIN, Nervousness, Lost sleep or interference with business. Directions simple. Terms Low. Treatment sent on trial and NO PAY asked until you are benefited. 1,000 Cures in Six Months. Particulars FREE. THE HUMANE REMEDY CO., LAFAYETTE, Ind.

FITS STOPPED FREE
Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER *for all* BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. *Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc.* INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. *BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.*

THE OLDEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD is probably Dr. Isaac Thompson's Celebrated **EYE WATER.** This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century, and notwithstanding the many other preparations that have been introduced into the market, the sale of this article is constantly increasing. If the directions are followed, it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits. JOHN L. THOMPSON SONS & CO. Sold by all druggists. TROY, N. Y.

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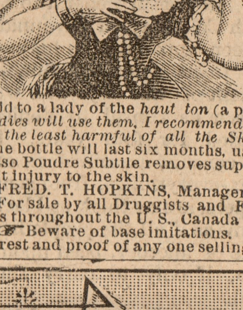
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.



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OINTMENT

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SYMPTOMS Moisture, intense itching and stinging, most at night—worse by scratching—very distressing. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT Stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. Sent by mail for 50 cts.

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The following words, in praise of DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

$100 THROWN AWAY.

JOHN E. SEGAR, of *Millenbeck, Va.*, writes: "My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had paid out one hundred dollars to physicians without relief. She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did her more good than all the medicine given to her by the physicians during the three years they had been practicing upon her."

THE GREATEST EARTHLY BOON.

Mrs. GEORGE HERGER, of *Westfield, N. Y.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhea, bearing-down pains, and pain continually across my back. Three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. ——, for nine months, without receiving any benefit. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

THREW AWAY HER SUPPORTER.

Mrs. SOPHIA F. BOSWELL, *White Cottage, O.*, writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had to employ help for about sixteen years before I commenced taking your medicine. I have had to wear a supporter most of the time; this I have laid aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

IT WORKS WONDERS.

Mrs. MAY GLEASON, of *Nunica, Ottawa Co. Mich.*, writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case.

Again she writes: "Having taken several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I have regained my health wonderfully, to the astonishment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day, attending to the duties of my household.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, *directed to the cause* would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

3 PHYSICIANS FAILED.

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of *No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass.*, says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was *perfectly cured*, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, *and enclosing a stamped-envelope for reply.* I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the $1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

JEALOUS DOCTORS.

A Marvelous Cure.—Mrs. G. F. SPRAGUE, of *Crystal, Mich.*, writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhea and falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. I doctored with an army of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which I was loath to do, because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if he would get me some of your medicines, I would try them against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery,' for ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food, cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. If its use is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women sold, by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years. **Large bottles** (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

☞ Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large, illustrated Treatise (160 pages) on Diseases of Women.

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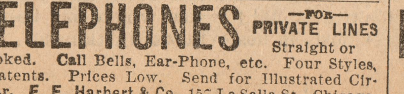

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The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1887.

THE CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN refers to Roscoe Conkling's recent address to the Grant Club, and regrets that Mr. Conkling is not a resident of Chicago. Chicago, the Inter-Ocean says, would have seen to it that none such as he should have failed of re-election to the Senate in a certain memorable crisis. All that Chicago delights to honor Mr. Conkling has, firm belief, courage to avow it, eloquence to avow it forcibly. Even those who do not believe as he does admire his sincerity, dash, and courage. It is quite probable that that faction of the republican party which shouted so incessantly for the "killing off" of Roscoe Conkling a few years ago, and which finally succeeded in partially accomplishing its purpose are more than satisfied with the outcome of their "killing off" plans. Their success was somewhat similar to that of the boy who set fire to a barn in order to "smoke-out" a nest of hornets. The hornets were thoroughly "smoked out" and so was the barn.

A NATIONAL organization of colored people in an association to be called the Afro-American League is now in process of formation throughout the country. A branch of the League was organized in Ypsilanti several months ago. So far as the purposes of the Afro-American League tend to increase the respect of the colored man for himself and to develop in him qualities worthy of respect from others, so far are they deserving of praise and encouragement. Organizations and leagues will have but little influence in bettering their condition and elevating their status if such influences alone are relied upon. There are colored men in Ypsilanti whom all who know them esteem and respect, and there are others who are unworthy of respect and receive none. It is doubtless true, as claimed by the better, self-respecting colored men, that they are sometimes denied the respect that fairly belongs to them by reason of the conduct of the disreputable class, but such an injustice is of judgment and prejudice and there is little probability that any system of organization will affect it that does not first affect to some degree the conduct and life of the class, that in this city, at least, constitutes the majority.

AT a recent banquet given by the Robert E. Lee camp of confederate veterans at Richmond to some G. A. R. veterans, speeches were made by two prominent Virginians, suggesting and strongly recommending a new flag, or an addition of the confederate stars and bars to our much-loved stars and stripes. Of course no such unpatriotic suggestions would be for an instant entertained by the people of the north, who paid so great a price, in life and suffering and treasure, that the dear old flag should retain its every star and form and tint unchanged. We would much wish also to believe that such a proposition could receive no encouragement from the great body of the people of the south, from whom so many messages of love and loyalty to the union have during the recent past been received. Were we only interested as a partisan, working and hoping for the success of one political party as against another, at whatever cost to conscience or to country, we might wish it could be shown that the people of the south and our opponents of the north were yet disloyal and untrue, but as a lover of the grandest country on the globe we would a thousand times rather stand beneath the flag and feel that wherever it floated to the breeze, in the cities of the east, on the mountains and praries of the west, in the woods and over the mines of the north, or where bloom the flowers of the sunny south, there would be turned to it no eye by envy or dislike o'ercast, but that everywhere there might go out to the unchanged banner of the union the higher, better love that devotion to home and native land inspires. We may add to the stars that shine from its bright, blue field, as new states are admitted to the Union, but never will our flag be disgraced by taking on the bars once held aloft by treason.

IT would be amusing, if it were not provocative rather of disgust to all lovers of what is termed American fair play, to notice the intemperate attacks that are being made on Mr. Blaine just now, along the entire free trade-democratic line from Harper's Weekly down to the Detroit Free Press. It matters not to these high-toned journals that Mr. Blaine is at present but a private citizen, and as such entitled to the respect, or at least the respite from partisan attacks, granted other citizens of similar standing; it matters not that he is three or four thousand miles away, and cannot defend himself or oppose them in any way during the more than a year which he expects to spend in Europe; nor does it matter to them that as a representative American citizen, receiving honors from the highest sources of honor in the old world, Mr. Blaine is doing more to win respect for America and Americans than could be won by the combined influence of the entire crowd of his traducers. They are actuated by no spirit of fairness, nor are they influenced by any impulse of ordinary courtesy or even decency. The very name of Blaine fills them with fear and rage. Whether it be seen on the pages of their country's history, or heard in praise from the lips of his neighbors and friends, or comes flashing in tiny specks of light through the long, dark depths of the Atlantic ocean, the effect is the same; it starts afresh the chorus of anti-Blaine howls and causes a renewal of the bitter war of personal abuse that has been so persistently waged against Mr. Blaine. And yet, in spite of abuse and malicious misrepresentation beyond which no public man was ever obliged to endure, and notwithstanding his defeat in the contest for the Presidency, plain, untitled Mr. Blaine, is pronounced by such judges of the merits of statesmen as William E. Gladstone to be the greatest American he had ever met.

A RECENT telegram from Columbus, Ohio, says that Allen O'Myers, present managing editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, has created a sensation in Ohio political circles, by declaring that he will desert the democracy this year and forever unless the party takes a decided stand against the saloon. The idea of Allen O'Myers making any such statement is quite too funny. O'Myers has been taking a determined stand against the saloon for the past fifteen years—close to the bar—though, sometimes, by very reason of the frequency of his determinedness it has been necessary for him to sit down, and even lay down. O'Myers is a picturesque figure in Ohio politics. He is a talented, eloquent young Irishman, born of poor and obscure parents, and partially reared in a reform school. He was taken from the reform school and given an education by "Old Tom Ewing," as he is called in Ohio, father of Gen. Ewing, and was treated for a time as a member of Ewing's family. It is said that young O'Myers entered political life as a republican, but there is little probability to this statement, as his friend and patron was one of the leaders of the Ohio democracy, and besides the general characteristics and sympathies of the reckless young Irishman are peculiarly democratic. He has served as clerk of the Ohio State Senate, was a member of the Legislature from Columbus two terms, was for a time proprietor of a Columbus democratic daily, and is now managing editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer. He is a ready, witty talker, a lurid, sensational writer, and as a politician is reckless and entirely unreliable. The Ohio republicans profess to ignore O'Myers and to sneer at his efforts against them, but the keenest cuts they receive during Ohio's exciting campaigns come from his witty tongue and ready pen. The democrats have no confidence in him and would gladly drop him, but the troublesome young graduate of the reform school wont be dropped. There is about as much probability of Allen O'Myers "taking a stand against the saloons," as there is that Don M. Dickinson will support the next prohibition candidate for governor of Michigan.

OUR CONSUL TO RUSSIA.

Cost of Living in St. Petersburg—The Russian Climate—Scandal.

I spent an evening at the Riggs house a day or so ago, chatting with Gen. Young, of Georgia, our late consul general to St. Petersburg; with Col. Way, of Savannah, who has just been appointed as his successor, and with Col. Coleman, of Illinois, but now a resident of this city, who was Howells' successor as consul to Venice, where he resided for four years. In Washington ex-consuls, ex-ministers, ex-generals and ex-everythings, from senators to doorkeepers, are as thick as blackberries. It seems as if all the people here had, at one time or another, been upon a foreign mission, if only to carry shad eggs to England.

Including salary, fees and everything, the office of consul general at St. Petersburg is not worth more than $3,500 a year. The cost of living is as dear there as in other cities. What with rents and housekeeping and servants the consul is lucky if he squeezes through on all he can get. The social position of a consul general is not a high one. He is regarded purely as a commercial agent, and has no relations whatever with the diplomatic corps of the court. He calls upon the American minister upon his arrival and upon the consuls of other nations. Afterward his relations are wholly with the commercial class, people who have nothing to do with and are never admitted to the governing class. There are less than a dozen Americans in St. Petersburg, a fact which requires the consul to learn to speak Russian if he expects to get on with tolerable comfort. Gen. Young tells me that he made it a point to master 300 of the most common Russian words, and with these he was able to hold all ordinary conversation.

He speaks of Russia as a glorious country, and says it has been more richly endowed by nature than the United States. It has all climates, grows everything that we do and more besides, and it is full of minerals. The Russians think nothing of hauling iron ore on sleds 300 miles over the snow, and manufacturing it into iron at a profit, a feat which would be deemed impossible in this country. Cold weather begins in Russia, in the latitude of St. Petersburg, as early as September, but from May 1 onward the weather is charming. Gen. Young says he was never uncomfortable, as regards the weather, while in St. Petersburg, although there is often a difference of 80 degs. in temperature between the inside and outside of the house. There are days, however, when no one ventures out, the weather being unbearable. Covered or closed sledges and carriages are used and these are often heated. But the weather exerts a strange influence, producing unpleasant effects. For three months after his arrival the general was unable to sleep more than three or four hours at night. He said to me:

"I could not understand why I was so sleepless. I used to get up in the middle of the night, take a sledge and drive furiously for a dozen miles, then I would eat a big dinner and go to bed again and manage to get some sleep."

"How did you find things socially?" I asked.

"The mercantile class, with which I came in contact, is very hospitable. They delight to entertain and will often ask you to dinner, but there is a great deal of scandal in St. Petersburg, and the people, or some of them at least, are very fond of gossiping. I found that every servant kept a close watch on me. If I went out for a drive he was sure to ask the driver upon my return where he had taken me, and where I had come from, and whom I had seen! This was intolerable. I soon put a stop to that. There are 25,000 cabs for hire in St. Petersburg, and by going around the corner I could find two or three, so I stopped taking a cab at my own door, got a different one every time, and used to be put down upon my return a block or two away from home. By that means my servant was taught to mind his own business."—Fuller Walker in Kansas City Journal.

What is Wealth?

The inventors and scientists are the greatest destroyers of hardly won wealth, the tendency of science and invention being to substitute less costly and more effective capital for that which has been previously in use.—Edward Atkinson.

DR. W. R. BARTON, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, Huron street, (opposite Mineral Bath House) Ypsilanti, Mich. Calls in city or country will receive prompt attention.

DR. JAMES HUESTON, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, office and residence on River street, L. D. Norris place. Telephone No. 45.

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Can be cured by purifying the blood with

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine I ever used.—E. Haines, No. Lindale, O.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured.—Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cured.—Susan L. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt-Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Millie Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5.

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Best and Purest Medicine EVER MADE.

It will drive the Humor from your system, and make your skin clean and smooth. **Those Pimples and Blotches** which mar your beauty are caused by impure blood, and can be removed in a short time, if you are wise and use the great blood-purifier,

SULPHUR BITTERS.

Why rave with that terrible Headache? Why suffer with Boils? Why lay and toss on that bed of pain, with Rheumatism? What makes you tremble so? Your nerves are all unstrung, and need a gentle soothing tonic to assist nature to repair the damage which your excesses have caused. **Sulphur Bitters** is **Not a cheap Rum or poor Whiskey drink**, to be taken by the glass like other preparations which stimulate only TO DESTROY. If you have failed to receive any benefit from other medicines or doctors, do not despair. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will cure you where all others fail. No person can remain long sick who uses

SULPHUR Bitters

The Dose is small—only a teaspoonful. It is the best and cheapest medicine. Try it, and you will be satisfied. Get it of your Druggist.

DON'T WAIT. GET IT AT ONCE

If you are suffering from Kidney Disease, and wish to live to old age, use SULPHUR BITTERS. They never fail to cure.

Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published?

$25,000.00 IN GOLD!

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ARBUCKLES' COFFEE WRAPPERS.

1 Premium,	$1,000.00	
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100 Premiums,	$50.00	"
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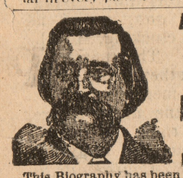
For full particulars and directions see Circular in every pound of ARBUCKLES' COFFEE.



AGENTS WANTED FOR THE AUTHORIZED LIFE OF LOGAN

with introduction by

MRS. LOGAN.

This Biography has been more that two years in preparation. Gen. Logan himself furnished the data to the author, **Geo. Francis Dawson**, his intimate friend and associate; and before his death he read all but the closing chapters of the work and gave it his unqualified endorsement. Mrs. Logan states this in the introduction. **A million admirers** of the dead Chieftain **want this thrilling story of his great career** in peace and war. Splendidly illustrated with portraits and battle scenes. Send quick **$1** for outfit and get choice of territory. Address

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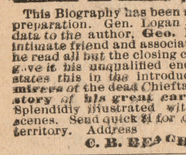

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The Ypsilantian.

THE ENDING.

Down in the swamp where the cypress grows,
Down where the sluggish bayou flows,
Come and I'll show you, if proof you need,
The spot well chosen for darkest deed!
He was stabbed to the heart—"a murder"—you say,
Yes—found in the woods one week to-day.

Maybe an owl in yon tall pine tree
Heard the last groan, which seems to be
Echoing yet when the wind in its might
Wails a dirge of a winter's night.
And sounds from the swamp a weird like cry,
As a strange bird feels some danger nigh.

So strangers dug the grave out there,
Where the winds will closer cling each year;
Starry blossoms shine out in the spring,
And the mocking bird shall sometimes sing
Its sweet love song in the cypress shade,
Over the place where the victim is laid!
Over the grave of the poor unknown!
While the pines keep up their ceaseless moan.

—Courier-Journal.

RICH TEAS FROM INDIA.

Calcutta Sends Better Brands for Less Money Than the Flowery Kingdom.

Most tea drinkers credit China and Japan for their fragrant tipple. A great deal of tea, and some of it very good, is being brought here from India, Ceylon and Java. Since 1876 the quantity of tea imported to England from India, Ceylon and Java has increased from 5,000 pounds to 72,000,000 pounds last year. Large consignments of it regularly reach this country by way of London, and the market rates of India teas are quoted daily.

"Six years ago such a thing was unheard of in New York," said one of the largest tea importers in the country. "It is a striking instance of the richness of Great Britain's India possessions and the rapidity with which trade is being pushed between England and her provinces."

"Is there any profit for American dealers in these India teas?"

"No; their importation so far has not paid at either end. The exporters have operated at a loss and importers here have made no money. But the growers of these teas believe that they will eventually supplant all others in the United States as they have in England, and the exportation of them will be continued even at a temporary loss."

"And you say they are as good as China and Japan teas?"

"Better. English retail dealers long ago found out the value of fine India teas, as the mixing of them with Congou or English breakfast tea produces a flavor that can be got in no other tea."

"Is India to run China and Japan out of the trade, then?"

"Oh no. It is not claimed nor expected that the trade from China, Japan or Formosa will be killed. China's highest grade green teas are very fine. So are the teas from Japan. Probably no other best grade teas equal them. For the India teas it is claimed, however, that the cheaper grades are far superior to the same grade from any other country. Hence the India trade will give the people a better quality of tea at a much lower price. No coloring matter whatever is used in curing India teas, and they contain absolutely nothing to affect the nerves. Yet they are stronger than the other brands. Let me show you the difference in color when they are drawn."

The importer took a delicate shallow china teacup from a shelf near by, and a little swinging copper teakettle from the stove.

"Here is the green tea which we get from China. You see it is very light, not much darker than water. Then, here is the Formosa Oolong, a medium shade. This is the India tea, darker, stronger, and more fragrant than either of the others. Take a whiff of it."

The reporter tried it and found it pleasant. The tea was almost a coffee color, and it gave a rich, aromatic fragrance.

"In point of purity, also, the India tea beats them all," continued the importer. "The fact that the inspector of teas of the port of New York has shut out consignments of all other teas, some because of adulteration, others for exhausted leaf or coloring, but has never shut out a pound of India tea, proves its superior quality. The Madooree Garden, the Dooloogram, the Parakau Salak, and the Lallong are a few leading brands of India teas. These are all shipped from Calcutta."—New York Sun.

Ceylon's Botanical Gardens.

To the doubter and disbeliever in sacred relics by far the most interesting sight in Kandy, or, better, the district in which Kandy is situated, for they are at the town of Peradeniya, three miles away, or even in all Ceylon, are the Royal Botanical gardens.

Palms and bamboos grow to a great height, and their smooth, round trunks tower toward the sky shapely and graceful. Ebony, satin wood and mahogany are as common as the oaks and maples of our American groves. Ferns and luxuriant flowers are scattered through this systematically arranged jungle (forest) in extravagant abundance. The odor of cinnamon, cloves and other spices adds a peculiar flavor to an air already laden with the perfume of beautiful flowers.—Colombo (India) Cor. Chicago Tribune.

A Generous Hostess.

At a dinner recently given in New York the hostess presented her guests with satin banjos, exquisitely painted in water colors and mounted in silver. These, with the corsage bouquet, were laid at each lady's plate. A gentleman gave a theatre party to a dozen of his friends, and after the theatre a supper at Delmonico's. Just before the conclusion of the repast six gilt bird cages, each containing a sweet voiced canary bird, were brought in and presented to his lady guests. Silver enters very largely into ornaments for favors. Silver toilet articles of curious designs are sought for, and the dressing bureau that does not contain a dozen of these articles, artistically spread upon a mat of plush, is decidedly behind the times.—Frank Leslie's.

Primitive Currency.

Schweinfurth has mentioned that toy hoes are used as money by the Niam-Niams, of Africa. Tippoo Tip now describes a remarkable tribe of skilled copper workers on the Congo, among whom copper spears form the standard of value. Enormous spear heads, some six feet in length, serve as currency. Like bank notes with us, these spears are given a conventional value, the large ones, though of small intrinsic worth, being reckoned at $1,000 in the purchase of ivory.—Arkansaw Traveler.

The Philosophy of "Bluing."

The common laundry practice of "bluing" clothes illustrates a very common law of color. Blue and yellow are what are known as "complimentary colors." That is, together they form a white. Hence the addition of minute quantities of indigo, Prussian blue, or other blue material to the linen completely neutralizes the natural yellow tint, and gives the clothes a clear white appearance.—Chicago Tribune.

A REMINISCENCE OF EMERSON.

Personal Impressions of a Friend of the Illustrious Philosopher—Quotations.

The subject of discussion at the meeting of the Starr King Fraternity was Ralph Waldo Emerson, and the principal attraction was a paper by C. J. Woodbury, of Oakland, who was an acquaintance and friend of the illustrious philosopher. After giving his personal impressions at some length, the speaker considered the nature of Emerson's influence. He said:

"I answer without hesitation, to me he was simply stimulator, awakener. It is my conviction that, like Pascal and Gurnall and Rousseau and Herder and Lessing and Carlyle, he will always be read by the young rather than the old, forcing his way, not by reasoning and syllogisms, but by feeling, imagination and intuition, and so driving one to new and strange attitudes of thought and action. Sometimes, I think, this was the most common if not the only way in which he looked upon himself. Certainly, I am not prepared to say it was in joke that he said of himself: 'Do not count on me as standing anywhere, I unsettle everything.' This I do know, I wouldn't let him look even into a cup of coffee for which I had any respect, for to me he was a born iconoclast. He brought the whole existing order with which I had been familiar into doubt. He taught me to have no respect for the old simply because it was old. And to me ever after meeting him the old became far too often the obsolete. Nothing that is, I came to learn, is entitled to respect simply because it is. He smote me thus as in the forehead at our very first interview. The occasion was the return of an article I had brought him with his suggestions in pencil on the margin. He fell to it and gave me a lecture on composition which was a clear departure from everything the professor of rhetoric had been teaching us for two years.

"'You shall have no firstly or secondly or thirdly,' he said. 'You shall make no skeleton or plan. You shall have no peroration or exordium. What is it you are writing for, anyway? What do you want to say? Say it! Out with it! Don't lead up to it. Don't try to let your hearer down from it. That is to be commonplace. Say it with all the force and grace you can and stop.

"'I see you write verses sometimes. I suppose you read your verses over after you have written them?'

"'Certainly.'

"'I suppose, then, after a little they grow old to you?'

"'Indeed they do.'

"'And you continue to write. If, after a long time, you look any of your lines over, and you come to one or a succession and say to yourself, "That is good," it is good, no matter what any one says to the contrary, but destroy without delay everything else. Poetry, whether it comes in dreams or in gleams, is always noble and holy. It must serve no sordid use. It is of the above. You must keep some fact books for poetry. I think that they are much more nearly related to poetry than rhyme or rhythm. Study Greek for expression, but the poetic fact is half the battle. For your fact books gather and search everything, but you shall not read Prescott or Bancroft or Motley or Montaigne. Prescott is a thorough man. Bancroft reads enormously; always understands his subject. Motley was painstaking and practical, but their style slays. Neither of them lifts himself off his feet. They have no lilt in them.'

"'I think now, without betraying publishers' confidence, I can venture to give you a few of Mr. Emerson's expressions to me which are in the line of the direct purpose of these memories. They are just as fresh as when they were uttered, over half a generation ago, although they, like everything he said, are more easily understood when read than when listened to.

"'Shut your book when your own thought comes. It is of more value than that of the angel Gabriel.'

"'There is no strong performance without a little fanaticism on the part of the performer. When you meet a son of Kentucky his very presence seems to say: "If you like me, well; if you don't, look out for yourself."'

"'I commiserate any one who is subject to the misery of being overplaced. What you are stands over you and thunders and denies what you say.'

"'Did you ever think about the logic of brain stimulus? Nature supplies her own. It is astonishing what she will do if you will give her a chance. Even the most tired brain will get relief under the apple tree on the grass. Later in life a cup of tea perhaps, but tobacco—what rude crowbar is this with which to pry into the delicate tissues of the brain?'

"'In study do not stop until you encounter the fact with your own hand. Search by all shows and learn just how it now stands. Though the reward of the market is in the thing done, the true reward is in the doing.'"—Oakland (Cal.) Enquirer.

Water of the Dead Sea.

Just at dawn we dismounted on the narrow, pebbly beach of the Dead sea. The water of this memorable lake is almost motionless and is transparent to a great depth. The taste is very salt and acrid, far beyond that of the ocean, and it is very irritating to any mucous membrane with which it comes in contact. This is due to the large amount (25 per cent.) of sodium, potassium and magnesium salts it contains, which also prevent animals or plants of any kind living in it and give it a specific gravity so high that we did not sink lower than to the shoulders when standing erect in it. The human body floats without exertion on the surface, and can only be submerged with difficulty, but swimming is unpleasant, as the feet have too great a tendency to rise to the surface.—Detroit Free Press.

Not Very Much Snow.

New Yorker (to Dakota man)—You have a good deal of snow in Dakota, I suppose?

Dakota—Oh, no; it never gets so deep that we can't tell what kind of a day it is by looking out of the chimney tops.—New York Sun.

The word polite was formerly applied to glass or marble surfaces, which we now style polished.

The annual income of the hospitals of London is roughly estimated at £550,000.

"Could a man make a shirt for six cents?" asks Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's. "No! What limit is there to a woman's ambition or performance! She drives a stage, plays the violin, sews, sings, dances, acts, paints (both in oil and water colors), teaches, is a clerk, a typewriter, a typesetter, an editor, a marvelous producer of short stories (said by critics to be the most difficult art in the world), a telegrapher, and as a yeller through the telephone probably will never have an equal. Go where you will there is woman, lovely or plain, ready to cure, to chide, to guide, to aid, to instruct, to amuse, to rule, to lead, and point the way for halting man."

She Wants a Divorce.

Ann Arbor Argus.

Mrs. Ida V. Haviland, of Ypsilanti, wants a divorce from her husband, William Haviland, to whom she was married in Ypsilanti, July 16; 1871.

Whether from swampy land or stagnant pool, or from the deadly gases of city sewers, malarial poisons are the same. Ayer's Ague Cure, taken according to directions, is a warrented specific for malarial disorders.

RENEWS HER YOUTH.—Mrs. Phœbe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, only 50c. at Smith's Drug Store. 4

They have two children aged 15 and 11 years. The bill asking for a divorce which was filed last Thursday in the circuit court, sets forth extreme cruelty, personal violence, threats and abusive language. The oratrix, as she is called in legal phraseology, declares that she fears for her life, that in June last, her husband threatened to cut her throat with a razor, to strike her with a hatchet, a knife and a stone and that he did actually throw a stick of wood at her. For all of which she asks for a divorce.

For 25 cents get Kemp's Liver Pills for Torpid Liver, for Constipation, for the Complexion. For sale by Frank Smith, Druggist, 2

Give them A Chance.

That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air-passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them.

When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well.

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. That is to take Boschee's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain. a

A CAPTAIN'S FORTUNATE DISCOVERY.—Capt. Coleman, schr. Weymouth, plying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled so that he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Coleman household and on board the schooner. Free Trial Bottles of this Standard Remedy at Frank Smith's Drug Store. 4

That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air-passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them.

When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well.

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. That is to take Boschee's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain. a

Bodily health and vigor may be maintained as easily in the heat of summer, as in the winter months, if the blood is purified and vitalized with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Every person who has used this remedy has been greatly benfited. Take it this month.

We are positive that Kemp's Sarsaparilla will cleanse and purify the blood and tone up the system. We have the confidence to guarantee it. Price $1.00 per bottle, for sale by Frank Smith, Druggist. 2

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.—The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Frank Smith.

MORTGAGE SALE.—DEFAULT HAVING been made in the conditions of a mortgage executed by Charles H. Niles to Benjamin F. Harris, dated December 15th, 1883, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Washtenaw county, Michigan, October 9, 1884, in liber 67 of mortgages, on page 4, which mortgage was duly assigned to Charles W. Alban and said assignment recorded in said Register's office, June 3, 1887, in liber 9 of assignments of Mortgages, on page 283, upon which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal, interest and attorney's fee, as provided for in said mortgage, one hundred and eighty-six dollars. Notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises, at public vendue, to the highest bidder, on the 16th day of September, next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, at the southerly front door of the court house, in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, to satisfy the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage and all legal costs, to wit: All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Augusta, county of Washtenaw, state of Michigan, and described as follows, viz: Lot number sixteen, according to the recorded plat of the village of Willis.

Dated, June 22, 1887.

CHARLES W. ALBAN,
Assignee of said mortgage.

D. C. GRIFFEN, Atty for Assignee. 39402

MORTGAGE SALE.—DEFAULT HAVING been made in the conditions of a mortgage executed by George Moffit and Tirzah Moffit to Adaline S. Markell, dated December 8th, 1881, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Washtenaw county, Michigan, December 9th, 1881, in liber 61 of mortgages, on page 374, upon which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal, interest and attorney fee, as provided for in said mortgage, one thousand twelve dollars and fifteen cents. Notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises at public vendue to the highest bidder on the 22d day of July next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, at the southerly front door of the Court House in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, to satisfy the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage and all legal costs, to wit: Those certain pieces or parcels of land situate in the township of Augusta, Washtenaw county, Michigan, and described as follows, viz: The southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section thirty-six, and the south sixty acres of the east half of the south east quarter of section twenty-six.

Dated, April 26th, 1887.

ADALINE S. MARKELL,
Mortgagee.

D. C. GRIFFEN,
Attorney for Mortgagee. 8294

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Wednesday, the sixth day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Lambert A. Barnes, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Jane G. Barnes, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to herself and Thomas Ninde, or some other suitable person or persons. Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the first day of August, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in THE YPSILANTIAN, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,
[A true copy] Judge of Probate.
WM. G. DOTY, Probate Register. 39294

DR. KNICKERBOCKER, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, corner of Adams and Emmet Sts., Ypsilanti. Telephone at residence.

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Low Prices, Best Goods.

BUY YOUR GROCERIES

—FROM THE—

Union Block Grocery!

ENTIRE STOCK NEW AND FRESH.

Prices and Quality of Goods not surpassed by any house in the city.

Give the New Firm a Trial.

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y

By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest—is the only true middle-link in that transcontinental system which invites and facilitates travel and traffic in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific.

The Rock Island main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequaled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

ALL EXPRESS TRAINS between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of comfortable DAY COACHES, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, elegant DINING CARS providing excellent meals, and—between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City—restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the direct, favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Over this route solid Fast Express Trains run daily to the summer resorts, picturesque localities and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. The rich wheat fields and grazing lands of Interior Dakota are reached via Watertown.

A short desirable route, via Seneca and Kankakee, offers superior inducements to travelers between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul and intermediate points.

All classes of patrons, especially families, ladies and children, receive from officials and employes of Rock Island trains protection, respectful courtesy and kindly attention.

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R. R. CABLE, Pres't & Gen'l M'g'r, Chicago.
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GOODWIN & CRICH,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Boots and Shoes!

Fine Custom Work Solicited.

Repairing neatly and promptly done. Prices reasonable and good work guaranteed.

Shop on Huron St., opp. Fire Engine House.

GOODWIN & CRICH.

LADIES!

You need not soil your dresses. Dr. Kelly's

Medicated Arm Shield

will positively relieve you from excessive sweating arm pits.

Dr. James T. Sharpe, 36 N Clark st., Chicago, writes: Ladies need have no fears about wearing Dr. Kelly's Arm Shield as they are harmless, and a most certain relief from excessive sweating arm pits.

FOR SALE ONLY BY

H. P. GLOVER,

Dealer in Dry Goods, etc.

REMOVED!

The undersigned has removed his stock of

Guns & Sporting Goods

to his NEW STORE on North Street, one block east of River Street, where he will keep a full line of Guns and

Sporting Goods!

at prices that defy competition.

I trust my old customers will give me a call, and I shall be happy to see as many new ones as may be pleased to call. tf

GEORGE W. HAVENS.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

FAULTLESS FAMILY MEDICINE

"I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for many years, having made it my only Family Medicine. My mother before me was very partial to it. It is a safe, good and reliable medicine for any disorder of the system, and if used in time is *a great preventive of sickness.* I often recommend it to my friends, and shall continue to do so.

"Rev. James M. Rollins,
"Pastor M. E. Church, So. Fairfield, Va."

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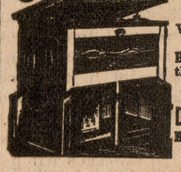

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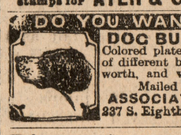

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THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, . MICH.

THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1887.

THE consumption of beer in New York City is estimated at 12,000,000 glasses per day.

IN THE upper part of New Jersey the farmers have been mowing by moonlight to escape the intense heat of the day.

RIVERSIDE PARK, the resting place of the great commander, got $200,000 for improvements from the last New York Legislature.

GLASS dollars, a dangerous counterfeit, are bothering tradesmen in a New York precinct. Glass gives a ring to the false metal. The glass dollar is brittle and may easily be broken with a hammer.

AT SYDNEY, Australia, there is a 180,000 candle power electric light that throws its rays fifty miles out to sea. San Jose, Cal., heads the procession in this country with a 24,000 candle power light.

THERE are now over 1,000 Young Men's Christian Associations in this country, with a membership of 140,000, expending for Christian work $785,000. The aggregate of property in buildings, libraries, etc., is over $5,000,000.

JONATHAN HOUSTON, a farmer of Thomaston, Me., died recently in extreme destitution, and the authorities ordered his clothing to be burned. Before the order was carried into effect his rags were examined, and money and securities worth $4,500 were found.

A NEIGHBOR of the impulsive Mr. Taylor, who lately killed four men at a single settling out in Texas, was asked if Mr. Taylor ever seemed to be down-hearted or remorseful. He replied that Mr. Taylor was always quite cheerful and seemed to take life very easily.

THE latest swindle perpetrated by lotion venders come from eastern Pennsylvania, where some scalawag sold a preparation to ladies which is believed to have contained considerable concentrated lye. They used it on their faces and wherever it touched the skin peeled off.

THE advance of education in India is marked by the postoffice statistics for the ten years ending March 31, 1886. The number of letters increased from 119,000,000 to 248,000,000 per annum, and the increase in the number of newspapers sent was no less than 115 per cent.

AT ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA, the work of the restoration of the old cathedral will be started immediately; the cost of the work will reach, at least, $40,000. The quaint Moorish belfry will remain as it is but the bells will not be used. A new steeple and belfry will be erected costing $8,000.

TWELVE miles of electric railway will be built this fall in Cincinnati, thirteen miles in Richmond, Va., and one mile in St. Joseph, Mo. Atlanta is to have an electric system. Binghamton has four half-miles, and Wilmington will have a road a mile and a half long. A six-mile road will run from Baltimore to Ellicott City.

A SPRINGFIELD, O., mother checked her baby carriage to a neighboring town where she was about to visit, and forgot to remove the child from it. Just before the train started she missed the baby and after a frantic and fruitless search suddenly remembered where she had left it. She got to the baggage car just in time to get the infant as it was being loaded on the train in its carriage.

M. FREMY has read a paper at the French Academy of Sciences describing the successful researches made by him, with M. Verneuti's assistance, for obtaining artificial rubies. By letting alumnia dissolve in fluoride of calcium he obtained crystals of alumina—that is to say, perfect rubies—defying the closest scrutiny, and even higher in value than the natural stones. They can be made of large size.

WILLIAM WHITLEY, a native of Stanley county, was one of the features of the Fourth of July celebration at Norwood, N. C. He was born in 1775, and in 1808, when 33 years old, he married his wife, who lived until 1881, when she died, aged 101 years. Uncle Billy, as he is called, sat on the platform and was orated over, and closed the exercises by firing off an old flint-lock musket that had been carried in the Revolutionary War.

THE fact, apparent to everybody who goes to base-ball games, that a pitcher can at will give a powerful curve to a ball, has been disputed by scientific gentlemen until lately. Professor Proctor, the well-known astronomer and man of science, who has been investigating the matter, now, however, admits that such is the fact, and gives a long, scientific explanation of pitchers' curves that will prove interesting to scientists and base-ball lovers alike.

STATISTICS show that 53,000 wells have been drilled in Pennsylvania and New York since the discovery of petroleum, at a cost of $200,000,000. These wells have produced 310,000,000 barrels of oil, which were sold at the wells for $500,000,000. This represented a profit to the producer of $300,000,000. The amount of oil exported is placed at 6,231,102,923 gallons. In the pool in Washington county alone $3,200,000 has been expended in machinery and drilling. Independent of the oil business there is about $50,000,000 invested in natural-gas plants in Pennsylvania.

THE Pall Mall Gazette, in speaking of the British monarchy, doubts whether it will last after Victoria's death, and asks if "the fat little bald man in red [the Prince of Wales], who cut so poor a figure in the procession beside his magnificent brother-in-law in white, will ever reign over us, and how long?" The fact that such a question as that can be asked in a public journal in the Capital of the Empire without subjecting the editor to imprisonment in the Tower or elsewhere indicates that the prerogatives, if not the temper, of the British Crown have changed somewhat in the last eighty or 100 years.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Latest Intelligence From all Parts of the World.

FIRE RECORD.

Fire in a Pittsburgh iron works destroyed $150,000 worth of property, and threw out of employment two hundred men.

The St. Lawrence sugar refinery at Montreal was completely destroyed by fire. Loss, $600,000. At Bath, Me., the New England ship building company suffered a loss of $100,000 by fire.

N. K. Fairbank & Co.'s mammoth oil refineries in Chicago, were damaged to the extent of $200,000 by fire.

Fire at Lima, Ohio, destroyed Pangle's livery stables, Soniag's tobacco warehouse, and part of Meilly's block. The loss is $25,000; with small insurance.

Forest fires are raging in Northern Pennsylvania. Thousands of cords of tanbark and millions of feet of logs and lumber have been destroyed.

The Pelzer factory, near Greenville, S. C., with 20,000 bales of cotton, was burned. Fully insured.

Knightsville, Ind., a mining town of 800 inhabitants, was visited by a disastrous fire that destroyed the entire business portion, causing a loss of $60,000. Six months ago a fire occurred that almost ruined the town, which had just been rebuilt, when this second blow fell.

CASUALTIES.

At the peach orchard of Argus Dean, near Dyer's Landing, Indiana, Lewis Little and Rollo Baird were instantly killed and Chauncey Baird and Richard Moore were fatally injured by the breaking of a cable to which was attached a car on an incline railway in which they were descending.

A storm visited New York City Sunday, which did considerable damage. Many sail boats were capsized and a schooner struck by lightning. Five lives were lost.

Further accounts of the railroad accident at St. Thomas, Ontario, place the number of killed at twelve and the injured at eighty-five.

Fatal sunstrokes are also reportod at Clinton, Iowa; Riverton, Illinois; Pekin, Illinois; two at Kansas City, four at Cincinnati, two at Pittsburgh, four at Milwaukee, and three at Davenport.

Five persons were killed at Pittsburgh, Pa., by kindling fires with kerosene.

The steamer City of Mackinaw ran over a rowboat near Detroit, and Christopher Nicolas and Jacob Bohler, with their wives, were drowned.

An eastbound Michigan Central freight train collided with an excursion train at St. Thomas, Canada, killing, 10 persons and injuring many more.

At Lincoln, Neb., a freight train collided with a stock train on the bridge, and an unknown person was killed and several very badly injured.

The town of Nogales, Arizona, was badly damaged by a cloud-burst Wednesday afternoon. In Sonora, Mexico, a few miles distant, a number of houses were washed away and one child drowned.

Nine negroes were killed by a single flash of lightning at Mount Pleasant, Tennessee.

Miss Mary E. Royce, head assistant of the Marquette School, Chicago, was drowned by a brief accidental immersion, while out sailing on the pleasure yacht Harry Burke.

Mr. E. T. Jeffery, general manager of the Illinois Central railroad, was seriously injured at Dubuque, Iowa, by a collision of his special car with the balance of the train while switching.

The scow Toboggan sprung a leak and sunk fifteen miles off Milwaukee. The crew and captain were saved. The scow carried 2,000 barrels of salt and 350,000 feet of lumber.

At Royal Centre, Ind., W. A. Garner killed his wife, mistaking her for a burglar.

A disastrous flood occurred Saturday at Thompson Falls, Idaho, from the breaking of the big dam on Blossom lake. Many wagons and teams are reported swept away and bridges destroyed, and it is feared that a number of lives were lost. It is reported that the mining towns of Mountain City and York were nearly destroyed, but mail and telegraph communication is cut off.

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

A Logansport, Ind., Special says: An organized band of 300 men are preparing to lynch the notorious Green Brothers, now in jail at that place. Steps are being taken for their protection.

After having beaten the child in the most horrible manner, once putting out one of his eyes while whipping him, a man living near Riverside, Ark., tied his little step-son, aged 5, by the wrists to a stake in the hot sun and left him there without food or water until he died. Then the murderous fiend fled to the woods.

Two lads found a man asleep on a raft near Pittsburgh. "Just for a joke" they rolled him into the river and he drowned.

George Wilson, wife murderer, has been sentenced to be hanged at Albion, N. Y., September 9.

Jacob Sharp, the aged millionaire convicted of bribing New York aldermen to secure the passage of the Broadway franchise bill, was sentenced to four years at hard labor in Sing Sing prison and fined $5,000 by Judge Barrett.

Near Eldorado, Ill., Ed. Reed struck Presley Hubbard with his fist with such force as to break his neck. Both men were farmers and stood high in the community. Reed gave himself up.

At Cumminsville, in the extreme northern part of Cincinnati, Tom Marshall attacked Howard Waits on the street, and Waits, it is said, in a case of self-defense, used his pistol, inflicting three wounds, two of which are necessarily fatal.

In the Chicago boodle trial Judge Jamison "excused" the three jurors, Tate, Ostrander, and Parks, against whom State's Attorney Grinnell filed charges.

INDUSTRIAL.

The striking coke-workers have called a convention at Everson to consider the advisability of causing a total suspension of work in the regions by calling upon those working at the advance to come out until the strike is settled. They think that a general shut-down would soon compel the operators who want coke to bring a strong pressure to bear on the others.

The signal service weather and crop bulletin for the week ending July 16 estimates that corn has sustained some injury by reason of the protracted drought and the excessive heat.

A Boston special says: A movement which has been quietly projected in labor circles, independently of the Knights of Labor, is that for the organization of women and girls in trade unions similar to the existing organizations of trades among men that have affiliated with the Knights.

The wheat harvest has begun in some portions of Minnesota, being about two weeks earlier than usual.

Large numbers of men are being sent to the Pennsylvania coke regions by eastern labor bureaus to fill the places of strikers.

It is stated that figures lately given out by Mr. Powderly show that the membership of the Knights of Labor has fallen from 1,000,000 to 600,000 in the last fourteen months.

The refusal of a charter to the National assembly of iron and steel workers, recently organized at Harrisburg, threatens to result in a formidable break in the Knights of Labor.

WASHINGTON.

The Secretary of the Navy has accepted the proposal of the Midvale Steel Company for sixty-five tons of steel-gun forgings at a total cost of $53,385.

Lester A. Bartlett has appealed to the Secretary of the Interior from the adverse decision of the Commissioner of the General Land-Office in the matter of his application to enter with Gerard scrip certain lands on the Chicago Lake-Front.

The count of the cash and securities in the United States Treasury, which began May 23, will probably be concluded this week. So far as known not a single penny's deficiency has yet been found in the $95,500,000 on hand.

It is announced that President Cleveland and his wife will on August 8, visit the seaside residence of Mrs. Agnes Booth-Schoeffel, at Manchester-by-the-Sea, and that on this occasion a performance of Shakspeare's "As You Like It" will be given by a number of prominent theatrical people spending the summer there.

Streator, Ill., Sheboygan and Janesville, Wis., and Flint and Port Huron, Mich., are to have free mail delivery.

Joseph C. Kennedy, a prominent attorney and real estate agent, of Washington, D. C., was murdered in cold blood on the streets of Washington by John Daily, a white laborer, who gave as a reason that the murdered man had wronged his father years ago.

An inability to meet the continued heavy demand for notes of small denomination is reported by the Treasury Department.

There was an increase of the net gold in the Treasury from $158,933,005 July 1, 1886, to $186,875,869 July 1, 1887.

There has been an increase in the circulation of standard silver dollars since July 1 of $788,016.

POLITICAL.

The Sons of Temperance convention at Boston voted unanimously in favor of a prohibition amendment to the constitution of the United States.

At the Democratic convention of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Ohio Senatorial Districts, held at New Comerstown, D. H. Mortly, of Coshocton, and Dr. Dore, of Noble county, were nominated for Senators.

Judge Thurman declares that he can not accept a nomination for governor of Ohio under any circumstances.

In the school elections at Salt Lake City, the gentiles carried five of the twenty-one districts. These were the first elections held under the new registration act, and the Mormons are greatly cast down at the result.

SPORTING NOTES.

League ball games Monday resulted: New York, 6; Chicago, 2. Philadelphia, 12; Detroit, 2. Pittsburg, 4; Washington, 2. Rain at Boston.

The following was the standing of the League for the week ending Saturday July 16th:

Clubs.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Percentage.
Detroit	61	41	20	.672
Chicago	59	37	22	.627
Boston	62	37	25	.596
New York	65	34	31	.523
Philadelphia	63	31	32	.492
Washington	57	23	34	.403
Pittsburg	59	23	36	.389
Indianapolis	62	18	44	.299

Ball games Friday: Chicago, 5; New York, 4. Indianapolis, 6; Boston, 3. Washington, 10; Pittsburgh, 9. Philadelphia, 5; Detroit, 2. St. Louis, 3; Athletic, 2. Cleveland, 7; Metropolitan, 6. Louisville, 7; Baltimore, 1. Cincinnati, 11; Brooklyn, 3.

A fight between Tom Davis, of Yonkers and Pat Farley of Brooklyn, about thirty miles up the sound from New York, was stopped by the Police. They fought forty four rounds in two hours and fifty-six minutes with hard gloves. Both men were badly punished, when the Police-boat patrol came along. The principals seconds and lookers on fled. The fight was declared a draw.

At the great rifle contest in Frankfort-on-the-Main most of the prizes were captured by southern Germans.

At Washington Park, Chicago, Wednesday, the Dearborn handicap was won by Corrigan's Cary, and the other events by by Rosalind, Little Minch, Wahoo, Aurelia, and Swiney.

In the double-scull race at Worcester, Massachusetts, Hosmer and McKay won.

League ball games Wednesday resulted: Washington, 3; Chicago, 0.—Philadelphia, 16; Indianapolis, 5.—New York, 7; Pittsburg, 3.—Boston, 12; Detroit, 4.

League ball games Tuesday resulted: Chicago, 8; Washington, 6.—Pittsburg, 15; New York, 6.—Boston, 15; Detroit, 3.—Philadelphia, 11; Indianapolis, 5.

GENERAL.

The French and Newfoundland fishermen are raising another fishery question. The Commander of the French war ship Droc drove Newfoundland fishers from the coast at the point of the bayonet.

A Commissioner will be sent by the Dominion Government to Asia for the purpose of promoting trade between Canada and China and Japan.

The sum of $900,000 has been subscribed for the Cincinnati centennial exposition, and it is said that $1,000,000 will be secured before the close of the week.

W. H. Minty, a clerk in the Missouri Pacific offices at Lincoln, Neb., committed suicide night before last because of a disappointment in a love affair.

Last Saturday was the hottest day of the season and in many localities the hot test known for many years. The suffering was great and cases of sunstroke were numerous. Between forty and fifty deaths occurred in Chicago.

The Dwyer brothers bought Snedecker's great 3-year old colt Kingston, the price paid being $30,000.

E. R. E. Kimbrough and A. G. Lane were appointed to assist in the revision of the Illinois school laws.

The right of an Indian half-breed to claim the benefits of the jurisdiction of a federal court has been affirmed by Judge Nelson at St. Paul. This is the first decision of the kind on record.

Vice President A. B. Hill, of the New York Stock Exchange, dropped dead on Friday.

Leonard Swett was quietly married to Miss Marie Decker, one of his employes.

Herr Krupp, the world-famous gunmaker of Essen, is dead.

Dr. McGlynn has received formal notification of his ex-communication.

General Richard Rowett, of Carlinville, Illinois, who commanded a regiment in the late war and had long been conspicuous in Republican politics, fell dead at Washington Park, Chicago.

A decree was entered by Judge Sage Tuesday at Cincinnati declaring the charter of the wrecked Fidelity Bank forfeited.

Gen. Roger A. Pryor, who was a member of the Confederate Congress, in speaking of the dispatch in which Jefferson Davis is reported as charging that a plot was laid by northern officials during the war. to assassinate him, said "the story of the alleged assassination is ridiculous on its very face."

Lightning Monday wrecked the Sixth Ward School-house of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, and injured the Chippewa Court House.

At the Actors' home, founded by the late tragedian, Edwin Forrest, on Sunday last, George Gaines Spear, a veteran comedian, 78 years old, who made his first appearance on the stage of the old Tremont theater, in 1829, breathed his last. He had been confined to his bed nearly four years. He was on the stage of Ford's theater, in Washington, D. C., April 14, 1865, when President Lincoln fell a victim to John Wilkes Booth's aim.

FOREIGN.

An earthquake was felt at Malta, at Cario, and along the Italian coast.

John Nash Peake, a colliery-owner at Staffordshire, has failed, with liabilities from $100,000 to $200,000.

The Sultan of Turkey seeks to shoulder upon his Cabinet the responsibility for not signing the Egyptian convention. As a consequence the Grand Vizier has resigned.

The Intransigeant announces that the police at Grosgeran have discovered certain documents which show the existence of a socialist plot to murder Emperor William while journeying to Gastein. Many arrests have been made.

Lord Randolph Churchill created a sensation in the House of Commons by a fierce onslaught upon the leading features of the Irish land bill. He declared that in its present form it would be an injury instead of a benefit to the tenants, and advocated a general recasting of the measure. The government is being urged by many conservatives and unionists to abandon all but the leaseholders' clause of the bill until next session.

At Liverpool, the race for the Liverpool cup was won by the 4 year old colt Castor.

The Sultan, disregarding the advice of Italy and Germany, persists in his refusal to sign the Egyptian convention in its present form. The British government has positively refused to make any modifications in the treaty, and the Sultan's atitude, in which he is sustained by France and Russia, makes a very embarrassing situation for Lord Salisbury.

A new Bulgarian Ministry has been formed and the release of all political prisoners ordered.

The French Chamber of Deputies has unanimously refused to accept M. Floquet's resignation.

The 12th of July was celebrated by Orangemen throughout Ulster with unusual fervor. A number of conflicts with Catholics occurred.

The cholera has broken out in Sardinia, and is increasing in Sicily.

Fire at Witepsk, Russia, destroyed over 400 buildings and caused a loss of $2,000,000 rubles.

Mose Schaumberg was caught by his Austin avenue rival in business, tearing down the latter's posters announcing the arrival of a new stock of goods. "What do you mean by destroying my posters, you scoundrel?" asked the rival threateningly. "Dots vere you vas fooling yourself," replied Moses, badly seared. "I vas so much bleased mit dot boster I choost pulled him down to see if there was any more reading matter on de udder side."—*Texas Siftings.*

The wigwam shoe is the coming summer novelty in house slippers. It has no separate sole, the uppers and soles being all of one piece of leather.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO.			
BEEVES—Choice to Prime	$ 4.10	@	4.45
Good Shipping	3.90	@	4.30
Common	3.75	@	4.20
HOGS—Shipping Grades	4.85	@	5.05
FLOUR—Extra Spring	4.25	@	4.50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	69	@	78½
CORN—No. 2	37¾	@	38
OATS—No. 2	25¾	@	26⅛
POTATOES—New, per bu.	90	@	1.50
BUTTER—Choice Cream'y	16	@	16½
Fine Dairy	13	@	13
CHEESE—Full Cream Chd	8	@	8½
Full Cream, new	8	@	8¾
EGGS—Fresh	10	@	10½
PORK—Mess	23.00	@	23.60
NEW YORK.			
BEEVES	$ 4.50	@	5.20
HOGS	5.30	@	5.50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	96½	@	97
CORN—No. 2	47½	@	47⅝
OATS—White	37	@	41½
PORK—New Mess	15.50	@	15.75
ST. LOUIS.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	$ 88	@	88¼
CORN—Mixed	37	@	37½
OATS—Mixed	27	@	27¼
PORK—New Mess	15.00	@	15.50
CINCINNATI.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	$ 87	@	87
CORN—No. 2	40½	@	41
OATS—No. 2	29½	@	30
PORK—Mess	15.00	@	15.50
HOGS	4.50	@	5.00
DETROIT.			
WHEAT—No. 1 White	$		88⅛
Michigan Red			89⅜
CORN			42
OATS—No. 2			30
No. 2 White			32½

IT NEVER CEASES.

How a Mexican District is Afflicted with a Perpetual Earthquake.

A correspondent of the New York Herald telegraphed as follows from El Paso: "I have just returned from the scene of the only active volcano in North America. The trip was one of extraordinary hardship, accomplished in the face of obstacles of which the entire absence of any road, an arid desert of over one hundred miles across, and the blazing sun of a tropical zone were conspicuous features. The volcano lies twelve miles, as the crow flies, from Bavispe, in the state of Sonora, in the extreme northwest corner of the Mexican republic. A rough estimate will place the distance from El Paso at four hundred miles, calculating on a base line. The rugged and desolate nature of the country, the infrequency of its springs, and the almost deadly heat that exists there nine months out of the twelve have effectually kept out the American prospector, although the mountains are full of gold; and even the hardy Mexican has largely left it to its primal solitude. Here and there are scattering villages of which Bavispe is a type. The town lies southwest of Casa Grande and is a heterogeneous collection of adobe shanties and "jackals," half under and half above the ground and roofed with brush. It contains about twenty-five hundred souls, if you count a soul to each inhabitant. They are so miserably poor and live in a condition of such indescribable squalor and perpetual misery that their lot compares unfavorably with the wandering coyote, their nearest neighbor.

"We went by way of the Carralitos Hacienda, on the Britton Davis ranch, lying about due east of Bavispe, in the state of Chihuahua. It was from this point that the real journey commenced. To conceive the fatigue and ardor of the trip one must add a blazing sun that seared and shriveled the very granite, a parched and alkali-laden wind blowing at midday and filling the throat with its smarting particles, and a reflection from the earth that was like the breath of a furnace. We were well supplied with wraps and tackle, which we had frequent occasion to use, for although it is proverbial that the burro can cross places where angels fear to tread, we were obliged to abandon our pack-train almost at the outset.

"The eighth day brought the explorers into the vicinity of Bavispe, but a little prior to this we had the first intimation of siesmic disturbance in the shape of a fluttering tremor of the earth. These shocks, which were slight and undulating, increased in frequency as we drew near the town, until scarcely an hour elapsed without a repetition of them. We came in sight of Bavispe about 10 o'clock in the morning, and the first thing that met our sight was a huddled encampment of several hundred people on the broad mesa that flanks the town. Bavispe itself may be spoken of in the past tense, for it no longer exists. On the 1st of last May, just at the gray of dawn, the villagers were awakened by a sickening shudder of the earth, followed by a quick tremor that reduced half of the adobes of the place to ruin. Creeping out from the wreck of their dwellings, they sought safety on the level ground, where a sort of encampment was formed, and thence in time the entire village has migrated. Since that morning of desolation and terror there has been no day unaccompanied by an earthquake.

"Sometimes it has been so violent as to loosen masses of rock and open vast fissures in the mountain-side, and sometimes it is an almost imperceptible vibration, but never has it entirely ceased, and the superstitious Mexicans have given themselves up to the apathy of despair. Our appearance, which in other times would have convulsed the village with excitement, scarcely attracted attention. A few half-naked men and haggard women straggled out of their tenements of brush to meet us, but many merely glanced from their open doorways and made no sign. The town, or, rather, what was the town, looks like the broken toy village of a child. There is not a house left standing. Shattered heaps of adobes and yawning holes mark the site, and mingled in the ruins are the few utensils of their domestic life, for which a superstitious terror forbade them to return. Many have gone toward the south, but the bulk of the people are far too poor to undertake a journey which, without resources, means death. So they have camped within sight of the wreck of their homes, in mute and pathetic helplessness. The mortality which attended this disaster must have been great, but it was almost impossible to draw any of the people into conversation, and quite so to obtain any accurate information. Over twenty sunken places in the mesa marked recent graves, and as many more dead are probably lying in the ruins.

"From Bavispe we had our first sight of our objective point, the volcano. A pennant of smoke, trailed by the wind from a low, square-topped peak to the southwest, defined its location, while a dull and muttering roar, almost incessant, told that the forces of nature were at work. The volcano lies about twelve miles from the site of the town, but over such an extraordinarily broken tract of country that we realized at once that it would require two days' journey to reach it, and pushed straight ahead without delay. The phenomena which we had observed at Bavispe increased in volume as we approached the mountain. We followed the dry bed of a stream which at some forgotten period had worn a causeway through the granite. It was broken by fissures of evident recent origin, running from north to south and in some cases four or five feet broad and of unknown depth. Springing from one of these, about four miles out, we encountered a geyser rivaling any of those in the National park. It is in the center of a circular basin, with sides of sand and mud and about forty feet in diameter. At intervals of fifteen minutes an immense stream of boiling water leaps out and up to a height, I should judge, of sixty feet. The geyser spouts for four or five minutes and then subsides as quickly as it came, disappearing with a mutter that reverberates far down into the bowels of the troubled earth."

REVIVAL OF HEATHENISM.

The Sad Condition of Affairs in the Sandwich Islands.

Honolulu Letter in Springfield Republican: Let me say then at once that there exists within this little kingdom a state of things whose real significance is, I fancy, but little understood outside our own limits, even by most of those who take a warm interest in our welfare. The unsatisfactory condition of our political and financial administration and the consequent widespread dissatisfaction have been made tolerably well known through the American papers, but the deeper seated moral and social corruption in high places, which has rendered these political evils possible, and of which they are, indeed, the natural fruit, has received much less attention.

To those, however, who are on the ground and earnestly seeking the prosperity and honor of this little kingdom, and particularly the welfare of the native race, the tendency and natural results of the current which has now set in, and which is rapidly becoming, if it has not already become, entirely dominant in royal and official circles, is only too painfully evident. It is a current which makes, not for truth and right, not for religion, Christian civilization, social purity, official responsibility, or National honor, but for the exact opposits of all these things. It is a current which, if allowed to run its course, will sweep away and destroy all that is best, and bring into unchecked prominence and power all that is worst in that strangely heterogeneous and incongruous mixture of races, creeds, ideas, principles, and tendencies which go to make up the Hawaiian body politic.

In its religious aspects this movement is distinctly and unmistakably, though not avowedly, heathen, encouraging in every way it dares both the superstitious beliefs and the obscene practices of the old paganism. In its political bearings it is entirely reactionary, tending directly to arbitrary and despotic rule, using the forms of our constitutional government to undermine its spirit and destroy its substance; systematically degrading and corrupting every branch of the public service, and making absolute unscrupulousness and measureless servility the highest and indeed the only claims to official preferment. In its moral and social tendency it is a deadly poison, debasing and debauching all who come under its sway, and corrupting the community in ways too numerous to be recounted. In fact we have at once and in the worst connection a reaction against what is known as missionary influence as the upholder of public morals and social order; a systematic encouragement and cultivation of any lingering heathen tendencies which may exist among a people not two generations removed from the most debasing idolatry; and finally the importation and introduction into the public service of the most objectionable and vicious features of foreign political management. The "boss" and the "machine," with all that those terms imply, are now in full and successful operation in the political affairs of these islands.

All this is well understood here and freely commented upon, not only in private conversation, but, so far as practicable, in the public journals. It is to the credit of our newspapers that they have boldly exposed and denounced these evils. The point, however, which needs to be clearly understood and emphasized is the source from which these demoralizing influences proceed and the place where they are most strongly intrenched. Concerning this there can be neither question nor shadow of doubt. The headquarters of this combination of revived paganism, moral and social degeneracy, and political corruption is at the royal palace, and the leading spirit and active promoter is King Kalakaua. Without going into detail, or attempting to give the record and antecedents of particular individuals who have become prominent under the present regime, it must suffice to say that the kind of persons with whom the King has surrounded himself, both as official advisers and personal associates, are in most instances precisely such as might be expected under the circumstances above set forth. Among those who occupy high and responsible offices under the Government, as well as those filling positions in the royal household, holding commissions in our microscopic army and navy, or serving on the King's staff, can be found almost every variety of mental and moral unfitness. The ranks of the royal favorites embrace unscruplous foreign adventurers, without stake in the country or care for its welfare; corrupt and venal native politicians; ignorant and blatant demagogs; notoriously incompetent public officials, to say nothing of medicine men, fortune tellers, and professional sorcerers, with a miscellaneous assortment of disreputable persons of both sexes, including drunkards, gamblers, and harlots. There is no good reason for supposing that the King has changed for the worst materially in either character or purpose, but it is only within the last two or three years that the reactionary element, acting under his leadership and encouraged by the Prime Minister for his own selfish ends, has felt strong enough to openly show its hand.

Humor on the Stage.

Here is a story from a Boston source, worth repeating: "An anecdote in relation to a certain opera company that is going the rounds of the greenrooms, bears upon a gallant manager, who likes to have good performances, but rather objects to paying adequately for them. He had been rehearsing his company on a hot sultry morning until the chorus were all tired and hungry. "Now, then, once more," said the manager encouragingly after their somewhat lazy attempt at one of the choruses: 'sing right out now, just as you would if I had said I'd raise your salaries if you did it properly. What would you do if I said that?' A small, weak female voice from the back line of the chorus replied: 'Drop dead!' Mr. Manager was no longer wearisomely facetious. He suddenly remembered it was dinner time."—*New York Sun.*

A Strain on the Jug.

A North Texas Baptist deacon, anticipating prohibition in August, sent a ten-gallon jug down to a liquor man to be filled. The deacon slipped around next day and asked for his bill. "Thirty dollars," said the liquor man. "What! Thirty dollars a gallon?" gasped the deacon. "No, only $2. I filled the jug—fifteen gallons." "But, my dear sir, you know that was not fifteen gallons," said the deacon; "now, I—" "O, very well, I'll put it in the hands of a lawyer to collect." "N-no, don't do that. It would be all over town. It was not the $30 I kicked on; I was only thinking what a terrible strain it was on my ten-gallon demijohn," said the deacon, as he paid the bill.—*The Colonel.*

"Why do not women get bald?" asks an exchange. It seems to us that any one ought to be able to answer that. It's because they don't have wives.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE CAMP FIRE.

FAST DRIVING.

As the years pass since the war, the reminiscences of those engaged in it become tougher to swallow; and that the hard stories are not all on one side let the following bear evidence:

It was in '62 when us rebs had to make ourselves scarce around these parts, says a writer in the Nashville *Union.* I was in the ordinance department, and had to gather all the loose powder in the city and put it into a wagon, the bed of which was shaped like that of a coke car. This was the last load, and the report of the Yankees was hourly brought in by the country youth who lived in the north of the city. I was loaded with about 2,000 pounds of powder—enough to blow up the whole country.

As I crossed Broad street I heard the crack of carbines in the vicinty of St. Cecelia. I knew that the Yankees were there, and presently there dashed by me a squad of Confederate cavalry that had been stationed out there as scouts. They all yelled in one voice for me to drive fast, as there was a whole brigade of Pennsylvania cavalry coming. Knowing how fast the Keystone State horesemen could ride, I doubled my speed, at break-neck pace, followed by the rear guard of our cavalry. When I reached the top of George Hill the Yankee cavalry were on the square, and commenced to pop away at me with their carbines. As I knew the distance, I only laughed at them.

They guessed, as they always guessed, the substance of my cargo, and they determined to get it, or not let the rebs have it.

I lashed my horses to a greater speed, and then looked around to enjoy the fun. I saw one of the boys in blue stooping over and lighting with a match, as I thought, a pile of powder. It flashed up brightly, and kept on flashing, coming down the hill very rapidly. I looked again, and to my horror I discovered a long line of powder following me up the hill. Well, I was not long in discovering that the pin that plugged the hole in the bottom of the wagon, through which we run the powder into the kegs, had fallen out and had left a stream of powder all the way behind me, about two inches wide and one inch deep, and the Yankees had set it on fire, and in this way intended to do way with the powder, and me, too.

The way I drove out of Nashville was terrible, as I did not want to blow up the town. I did not stop to even put a peg in the hole. The faster I drove the more powder jolted out, and faster the flame flashed toward me. I thought it was only a few moments before I would be roosting on one of the steeples in the vicinity. Even the horses caught the inspiration, and fairly flew. I froze to my seat and could not have got off unless some one had knocked me off. All of a sudden a happy thought struck me. It was only a mile from where I was to Brown's Creek, and if I could only reach that I would be safe. But faster and faster came the burning powder, and it was within fifteen yards of me and going at a terrible rate.

On we dashed, and in my delirium I fancied I could hear the murmur of the crystal waters of the little but important creek. Forward we went, the horses breathing hard, down the steep hill to the bank of the creek, and there, just before me, was a pile of rafters, which were fragments of the bridge torn up by the Confederates. They lay across the entrance to the ford. All was up, and I was caught at last. The horses and wagon struck the barricade at the same instant, and as I went over headfirst into the middle of the creek I renounced the cause and the Confederates as fools. Just as my head struck the water the flame of powder which had mercilessly pursued me for two miles caught up at last. There was a loud explosion, and in a few moments I found myself sitting a quarter of a mile off in a field with both pockets full of fishes.

CORPORAL AND MULE.

Corporal S., of a Texas cavalry regiment, rode a very sturdy mule, which would go just so fast and seldom any faster, and would stop when he pleased. In the winter of '63-4 we were with a Confederate force on the Arkansas river, and the Federals had a force a few miles above. Corporal S., with a squad, mostly boys, was sent to what had been a railroad station, some two miles toward the enemy, to watch and report any movement they might make. All night we occupied a large building with a dirt floor, and in this we kept our horses, and the guards made their observations through holes in the wall. One night the tramp of horses was heard, and one or two horsemen were seen near by, and thinking we were about to be surrounded by the enemy, we made all haste to saddle up and get out. When all were in their saddles it was seen that the door was still fastened. Then comes the corporal on his mule, and knocked the door open with his musket, but his steed took the circle of the building inside and he was therefore last to get out, and was left considerably in the rear. The squad took the road toward the Confederate camp, ran a short distance, and, seeing no enemy nor any pursuit, turned a little from the road and stopped. Directly on came the corporal, clucking and kicking to urge his mule on. When just about passing the boys one of them said: "Hello, corporal!" Bang! went the corporal's gun, and on he went, kicking and clucking, to the Confederate camp. The next day Corporal S., with another squad, came back to look for his men, after creating a stir in camp the night before, but found us all right. He never heard the last of running away and leaving his men.—*Ex-Confederate, in Chicago Ledger.*

To clean hot water copper boilers.—Get three cents' worth oxalic acid at your druggist's, put it in a pint bottle and fill it with cold water. Pour it over the boiler while it is hot, rubbing it down quickly with a cloth, and polishing it down quickly with a cloth, and polishing it over with a dry piece of flannel. A large boiler can be beautifully polished in five minutes, and will retain its polish a week or more. The bottle should be marked "Poison," and should be kept out of ordinary reach. The amount indicated will last for half a dozen polishings.

THE BABY.

The little tot'ring baby feet,
With faltering steps and slow,
With pattering echoes soft and sweet
Into my heart they go;
They also go, in grimy plays,
In muddy pools and dusty ways,
Then through the house in trackful maze
They wander to and fro.

The baby hands that clasp my neck
With touches dear to me,
Are the same hands that smash and wreck
The inkstand foul to see;
They pound the mirror with a cane,
They rend the manuscript in twain,
Widespread destruction they ordain
In wasteful jubilee.

The dreamy, murm'ring baby voice
That coos its little tune,
That makes my listening heart rejoice
Like birds in leafy June,
Can wake at midnight dark and still,
And all the air with howling fill,
That splits the ear with echoes shrill,
Like cornets out of tune.
—[Burdette.

FELICIA.

CHAPTER III.

Although the weather, like the sport at Northgate's place, had turned out unexceptionable, yet Tristam had not been able to subdue a feeling of impatience for the time to arrive when he was due to start for Egerton Park.

Since the strange meeting with Felicia, and in spite of the assurance they gave each other that they were to remain old frinds still, a feeling of coolness sprang up between Tristam and Jasper, which went on increasing day by day, until their altered demeanor toward each other was noticed by everybody.

Tristam had received a reminder about his promised visit, and Sir George took the opportunity to express his thanks as warmly as he knew how, though as he declared, he should never be able to convey anything like the obligation he felt under to the son of his old comrade.

This letter contained an enclosure in the shape of a small paper packet. On unfolding it Tristam, to his amazement, found the contents to be a small bunch of forget-me-nots.

The flowers had been carefully dried and arranged with great skill and taste.

"What an odd thing for Sir George to do!" thought Tristam.

Then he thrilled with delight as the idea occurred to him that it might have been Felicia herself who had sent them, until he remembered that such a thing would be rather an unusual proceeding on the part of a betrothed young lady.

Christmas Eve found both young men among the guests assembled beneath Sir George Egerton's hospitable roof. Tristam's welcome had been of the heartiest description; but he noticed, with no little surprise, that the greeting between Felicia and Jasper was so cold and distant, that no one, witnessing it, would have guessed at the relation in which they stood to each other.

To Tristam it was a deep and dangerous pleasure to be in Felicia Egerton's society; the favorable impression she had made on him at their first meeting had increased daily; and, though he remembered that he was in honor bound to make no attempt to win her affections from his friend, yet it was only by a strong effort of self-command that he was able to repress all signs of the tender regard—nay, love—which he had in his heart for her; while he could only regret that chance has been so unkind as not to introduce him to her until too late.

Growing more conscious of his weakness, day by day, he determined to start for London as early in the Christmas-week as possible. He would then do his best to banish all remembrance of her from his memory. Probably when they again met she would be Jasper's wife.

At present this idea was intolerable.

Since his arrival at Egerton Park no one had made any reference to the existence of an engagement between Jasper and Felicia, and there was certainly nothing in their behavior toward each other which would have aroused a suspicion of the fact.

More than once, indeed, Tristan had fancied Felicia's face wore a troubled and anxious look, as though some secret care oppressed her; but the appearance had been so momentary, and the smiles that succeeded so bright, that it was doubtful whether he was correct in his surmise.

Early on the morning of Christmas Eve most of the male guests, accompanied by the host, crossed the park to shoot the north cover. Tristam and Jasper formed a portion of the party, and just about noon the two young men found themselves near each other.

"Beastly cold, isn't it?" said Jasper, resting his gun against a tree. "I'm going to have a nip of brandy. Will you join me?"

While speaking he took from his breast-pocket a small silver flask, and in doing so drew out a piece of paper with it.

Involuntarily Tristam's eyes followed it, as, caught by the wind, it was whirled about, and finally deposited close to his feet. Lest it should blow away again, he held it to the ground by pressing the muzzle of his gun against it.

Jasper stooped immediately; the piece of paper was evidently a fragment of a letter.

Tristam saw first that the handwriting was a woman's, and the next instant he made out the words: "Your fond wife, Felicia!"

So stunned was he by what he saw, that he scarcely heard what Jasper said as he thrust the paper back into his pocket, and walked away.

Could it be possible? Felicia married!—and to whom—Jasper? Was that the clue to all that had so much perplexed him?

It was not until after this discovery that he became aware how, unconsciously to himself, he had been indulging in the idea that something might occur which would give him the opportunity of coming forward as Felicia's suitor; now all such hope was blighted—Felicia was a wife.

Puzzled to a degree, he could not keep his thoughts upon the sport, and so far as he was concerned, shooting the north cover was a failure, and he was heartily glad when he found himself on his way back to the hall.

* * * *

The old library at Egerton was a lofty apartment, of great length in proportion to its width. Rarely now were the dusky tomes upon the shelves disturbed from their repose. Sir George was no student, and his only contribution to the shelves was a set of "Bailey's Sporting Magazine." At present the room was chiefly used as a means of communication between the east and the west wings of the old mansion.

The bachelors' chambers were in the east wing, the drawing room in the west. On this same evening Tristam hurriedly entered the library, for he had an idea that he was late for dinner.

The dusky shadows in the room were made visible by a couple of wax candles on the chimney-piece, and Tristam had almost reached the centre of the apartment when he heard a well-known voice say, in tones of indignation:

"This incessant persecution is most unworthy of you—even you. Had you possessed one spark of manly feeling you would long since have given up that letter. I tell you again that all is—all must be over between us. Surely, you will not be mean enough to keep that letter now? Give it to me, or I will ring, and—braving the shame and ridicule which will fall upon me—explain everything to my father."

Astonishment had arrested Tristam's footsteps. He was about to move onward, when Felicia, emerging from the recess of the bay-window where she had been standing, hastened in the direction of the fireplace.

She did not see Tristam until quite close to him, and then she uttered a little cry of dismay.

"Miss Egerton," he said, for looking toward the window he saw Jasper striding toward her, with his hands clinched and his face so distorted by passion as to be scarcely recognizable, "you are agitated. Tell me if I can be of any assistance? Will you allow me to be your protector if you need one?"

A deep flush suffused her cheeks, tears started to her eyes, and she hung her head, silent and abashed.

"Jasper," said Tristam, "some explanation is due to me before I quit this room, leaving you and Miss Egerton together in it."

"Indeed," was the sneering answer. "Little is necessary, I imagine. Unless my eyes deceived me, you saw something this morning which, without further words, will let you know my position. Any interference by you would be out of place under such circumstances."

"No—no!" cried Felicia, looking up. "I tell you, Mr. Pagett, as I will tell everybody, since he forces me to do it, that there is no longer any kind of bond between us. He is nothing to me, and never will be. We *were* engaged. I thought him a gentleman—believed him to be kind-hearted and chivalrous; but that day when I lost my purse I recognized his voice, when, uttering those contemptuous words, he turned away, and tried to induce you to follow him. To the man who could speak thus, and behave thus toward the sex which, as a gentleman, he is bound to protect and treat with at least ordinary kindness, I felt that I could never intrust my future. At that moment I resolved our engagement should end. I disliked him then more than I had ever cared for him. Immediately on my return I sent back his letters and presents, and told him all must be at an end between us, and begged him to return the few letters I had written to him. But as I might have expected from what I had already witnessed of his conduct, he refused to accept his dismissal, and likewise to return my letters, threatening if I said a word about terminating the engagement he would publish what I had written. I have done wrong to temporize so far; but I am so ashamed—so mortified—Mr. Pagett. At his suggestion and request, and in a foolish moment, I wrote him a letter from abroad, in which I addressed him as husband and signed myself as wife. It was done in jest, in one of those stupid moments which we all have. That is all, Mr. Pagett. I see you believe what I have told you, and though you must despise me for having been guilty of such an act of folly, yet I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have put an end to the persecution which I have endured for the last few days."

Tristam's eyes gleamed angrily as he listened. But with wonderful self-control, he made no movement until Felicia had finished her hurried explation. Then drawing her hand beneath his arm, a proceeding to which she made no resistance, he took one step toward his former friend.

"We will have no hard words, Jasper. Your position is not a pleasant one—have the good sense not to make it worse. *Give me that letter!*"

Convinced, probably, that the game was up, Jasper complied without a moment's pause.

"Here," said he, "take it. It has been a jest throughout, begun by Miss Egerton, and perhaps carried too far by me. As I shall leave here this evening, it will probably be agreeable to all parties to make no further mention of the matter."

And with a forced laugh, which ill served to conceal his crest-fallen air, he bowed ironically, and strode out of the room.

* * * *

Tristam and Felicia remained for some moments longer among the shadows of the old library. They were disgracefully late in making their appearance in the drawing-room, where everybody was waiting. Both wore a conscious look. But Tristam, who could describe his joy when Felicia confessed to him that her heart had been his from the moment when came forward and so generously befriended her.

* * * *

"With all my heart, lad," said Sir George Egerton that night, as he wrung Tristam's hand. "There is nothing I could have wished for more than for Felicia to be your wife."

THE END.

Unbounded Affection.

"Theodore, I don't believe you love me any more," said a K street girl plaintively, as her best fellow, a P. O. Department clerk, pulled her hastily past an ice-cream saloon.

"O, don't say that, dearest," said he, reproachfully. "Why I named fourteen postoffices after you last week! *Washington Critic.*

BOBOLINK.

Quick as a wink
Mr. Bobolink
In liquid notes of chatter and chink
Whirls and whistles to Miss Link.

Gayly they swing
And cheerily sing,
As high on swaying stems they cling
Ere nestling down with folded wing

Down in the grass,
Where I cautiously pass,
Hidden from sight in mat and mass,
Is a nested home for lad and lass.

In summer hours,
When blo m bright flowers,
There comes from Southern homes and bowers,
To cheer this Northern land of ours,

With cheery chink,
The Bobolink,
When June days go 'tis sad to think
A rice-bird only is Bobolink.
—CLARK W. BRYAN IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

SAINTE CATHERINE.

I say unto you, that there shall be more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine righteous persons who need no repentance.—LUKE XV., 7.

One evening in November, on the eve of Sainte Catherine's Day, the iron gate of the prison at Auberive rolled back on its hinges and gave a passage to a woman of about thirty years of age. She was dressed in a faded woolen gown and wore on her head a white linen cap, adjusted in a strange fashion round her pale features, whose wan expression betrayed long detention and meagre fare. Her fellow prisoners had nicknamed her the Bretonne, no doubt because she was a native of Brittany. Condemned for the heinous crime of infanticide, she had been brought to the House of Detention in a prison van exactly six years ago and had just been set free, having served her time.

After getting back her old clothes and receiving at the greffe or registry the ridiculous small sum of money set aside for her by the prison authorities in return for six long years unremitting hard labor, she was now at last once more free, with her passport signed for Langres. The coach, however, for this latter place has already left. Timid and awkward, she directed her faltering steps towards the nearest inn and with a tremulous voice inquired if she could be accommodated for the night. The inn was crowded with customers, and the inn-keeper, who little cared to house "birds of that feather," advised her to push on to the wine shop at the other end of the village.

The Bretonne, more awkward and timid than before, went on her way and knocked at the door of the wine shop, a mere pot house for navies. The publican's wife eyed her mistrustfully from head to foot, and guessing that she had just left the Centrale, or prison, sent her off with the excuse that she did not take in lodgers. Not daring to insist, the poor woman turned away with drooping head, while a feeling of anger rose in her heart against those who thus drove her from their door.

She had only one thing left to do and that was to reach Langres on foot. Night, however, sets in early towards the close of November, so that darkness soon overtook the wayfarer on the dusty road that extended far away through the lonesome wood and the north wind blew keen among the swaying trees, scattering large heaps of dead leaves by the way. During the six long years she had spent in solitary confinement the Bretonne had lost the habit of walking. Her joints were as if knotted and her feet, unused to any but wooden shoes, were cramped in the leather ones she had on. After getting over a league or so of ground her heels were sorely blistered and she felt already tired out. She sank down on a heap of stones, shuddering at the thought that she might have to die of cold and hunger in so dark a night and with such a nipping blast that chilled her to the bone. Suddenly, along the solitary road and in the pauses of the cold north wind, she thought she heard the drawling tones of somebody singing in the distance. She listened eagerly and was soon convinced that she caught the sound of one of those dear, monotonous snatches of nursery rhymes with which children are nursed to sleep. Rising to her feet she went in the direction of the voice and at the turn of a cross-road beheld a red light glimmering through the branches. Five minutes after she reached a clay-built hovel, the roof of which, covered with clods, leaned against a rock, and whose only window gave passage to a flickering ray. With anxious heart she resolved to knock at the door. As soon as she had done so the singing ceased and a peasant woman came to the threshold.

She was of about the same age as the Bretonne, but worn and wasted with field labor. Her short gown, which was rent in places, showed her dark, sun-burnt skin; her reddish hair fell in disorder from underneath a little cloth cap and her gray eyes looked with astonishment at the stranger, whose face had, in fact, something unusual in its pallid expression.

"Good evening," said the peasant woman, raising the lamp she held in her hand; "what do you want?"

"I am ready to drop and can go no further," murmured the Bretonne with a sigh of deep anguish, "the town is yet far off, and if you'd let me put up here for the night 'twould be a real blessing. I've money and would gladly pay you for your trouble."

"Come in," said the peasant without much hesitation; "but," she added, more out of curiosity than from any mistrust, "why didn't you stop at Auberive?"

"They wouldn't take me in," she answered, and casting down her blue eyes, the Bretonne as from a sense of duty, added: "Because, you see I've just left the Centrale, and that doesn't give people confidence."

"Ah! well come in all the same, I've little to fear anyway, never having anything but misery for my lot. it would be unreasonable to leave a Christian out of doors in such cold weather. I'll make you up a bed with a strewing of heather."

The peasant woman went to a shed and brought in several arms of dry heath, which she spread in a corner near the chimney-place

"You live alone here?" ventured to ask the Bretonne.

"Yes, with my little girl, who is near upon seven. I earn for both of us by working in the wood."

"Your 'man' is dead, then?"

"I never had one," bluntly rejoined La Fleuriotte, "the poor girl has no father. Well, you know, we all have our troubles. There's your bed now, and here are two or three potatoes which were left from supper. 'Tis all I have to offer you."

She was interrupted by a childish voice, which came from a plank partition forming a kind of dark closet in one of the corners of the place.

"Good night!" added La Fleuriotte, "I'll be looking after the little one, who's getting scared. Try to sleep well!"

She took the lamp and sought the adjoining closet, leaving the Bretonne in the dark.

The latter had stretched herself on the sweet heather. After eating her frugal meal she tried to close her eyes, but sleep would not come to her tired lids. Through the partition boards she heard La Fleuriotte chatting in a low voice to her little one, who had been wakened by the arrival of the stranger and would not go to sleep again. La Fleuriotte fondled and coaxed and kissed her darling with endearing words, the artless expression of which moved the poor Bretonne in an unwonted manner. It summoned up a confused maternal instinct still slumbering in the breast of one who had been condemned for stifling her new-born babe. She was alive to the fact that, if things "had not turned out badly," her own little one would now be about as old as that little girl.

A motherly yearning rose in her beating heart. Her feelings, so long chilled, were roused to their inmost depths by this haunting thought and the sound of that sweet childish voice; a melting softness spread throughout her being and she had a good mind to give way to tears.

"Now, my darling," said La Fleuriotte "go to sleep like a good girl, and if you do I'll take you to-morrow to Sainte Catherine's Fair."

"Sainte Catherine is the festival for little girls, isn't it mamma?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Is it true that on that day Sainte Catherine brings pretty toys to children?"

"Yes, sometimes.

"Why, then, doesn't she ever bring some to me, mamma?"

"Because we live so far away, and then again we are too poor."

"Then she only brings toys to the rich, does she? Why? I should like to have some too."

"Well, some day, if you are good girl and go to sleep, she may perhaps bring you some also."

"Oh, then I'll go to sleep right off, so she may bring me some to-morrow."

A stillness followed. Then the soft, gentle breathing of both mother and child showed that they had fallen asleep together.

But the Bretonne could not close her eyes. A feeling at once poignant and tender clutched her at the heart, and more than ever before at any time of her life she thought of the defenseless, harmless little creature she had ruthlessly strangled.

This dread, remorseful feeling lasted until the first streak of dawn. At break of day La Fleuriotte and her child were still fast locked in each other's arms.

The Bretonne noiselessly crept out of the hovel, and making the best of her way back to Auberive, slackened her steps only when she reached the first houses of the small place. She slowly walked up the only street in the village, intently gazing at the sign-boards over each shop.

At last one of these signs arrested her attention. She knocked at the shutters and the door was soon opened. It was one of those little country stores where, besides a variety of haberdashery wares, cheap second-hand toys may be bought, cardboard dolls, Noah's arks and baa-lambs. The amazement of the woman who kept the store was unbounded when she saw the Bretonne buy up and pay for the whole stock.

The Bretonne was proceeding with a joyful heart on her way back to the hovel, when a heavy-gloved hand fell upon her shoulder. She started, and, on turning round, shuddered to find herself face to face with a corporal of gendarmes.

The wretched woman had forgotten that all liberated convicts were forbidden to remain in the precints of the Central House of Detention.

"Instead of vagabondizing round here, you ought to have already reached Langres," said the military man in a gruff voice, "Come, be off!"

She wanted to explain, but it was of no use. A cart was put into requisition; she had to get up into it, and away went the horses, under escort of one of the gendarmes.

The cart jolted mercilessly along the frozen road. The poor Bretonne, with a half-broken heart, clutched her little parcel of playthings in her benumbed fingers. Soon, at a turn in the road, she discovered the path which entered the wood.

Her heart leaped, and she besought the gendarme to stop for a minute. She had a commission, she said, for La Fleuriotte, a woman who lived there, close by. She besought with such an earnestness of manner, and feeling, that the gendarme, who, after all, was a good-natured fellow, allowed himself to be swayed by her entreaties.

The cart was stopped, the horse was tied to a tree, the gendarme and his prisoner got down and they went up the path that led to the hovel in the wood.

La Fleuriotte was busy chopping wood in front of her door. When she looked up and caught sight of the woman whom she had housed on the previous evening in the hands of a gendarme she stood with mouth wide open, like one petrified.

"Hush!" ejaculated the Bretonne, as she put her finger to her lips. "Is the little one still asleep?"

"Yes; but—"

"Carry these toys softly to her bedside and tell her that Sainte Catharine sent them to her. I went back to Auberive to fetch them, but it seems I had no right to do so, and I am being taken on to Langres."

The Piegan Indians of Montana have made over $4,000 this spring skinning the carcassess of cattle which perished in the snow. The Indians received 75 cents for every hide they brought in, and they exhibited such industry that it became necessary to watch the herds to prevent them from skinning every animal in the Territory, dead or alive.

COUNTRY LIFE AND WORK.

MY LITTLE BO PEEP.

My little Bo Peep is fast asleep,
And her head on my heart is lying.
I gently rock, and the old hall clock
Strikes a knell of the day that's dying;
But what care I how the hours go by,
Whether swiftly they go or creeping?
Not an hour could be but hear to me,
When my babe on my arm is sleeping.

Her little bare feet, with dimples sweet,
From the folds of her gown were peeping.
And each wee toe, like a daisy in blow,
I caress as she lies sleeping.
Her golden hair falls over the chair,
Its treasures of beauty unfolding.
I press my lips to her finger-tips,
That my hands are so tightly holding.

Tick, tock, tick, tock; you may wait old clock,
It was foolish what I was saying;
Let your seconds stay, let your minutes play,
And bid your days go all a-Maying.
O, Time! stand still—let me drink my fill
Of content while my babe is sleeping;
As I smooth her hair my life looks fair,
And tomorrow—I may be weeping.
—S. B. MCMANUS.

SPEED ON, O TIME!

Speed on, O Time, with flying feet;
Add to the swiftest wings yet still more speed;
Burn April's feet with July heat;
Bid Christmas frosts the dog days supersede;
Make every hour a minute's span;
Spin round the dial's hands in one long streak!
Send me some flying sprite who can
Kick me into the middle of next week;
Help me to jump next Monday, and to you
I'll sacrifice the note which then falls due.
—ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

THE LENGTH OF ROOTS.

For more than thirty years we have repeatedly urged the importance of correcting the common error that the roots of trees extended on each side no further from the foot of the central stem than the spread of the branches above. The most popular writers copied the error from one another, and the erroneous practice founded on this mistaken view was shown by the small circles of earth often seen spaded about them or by the diminished rings of manure. The bad advice founded on this wrong view is still repeatedly given by different writers, and it seems necessary to correct it by "line upon line." The fact that an orchard to obtain full benefit from manuring, mulching or cultivation must be treated broadcast is still unknown to many planters.

We are glad to see, however, more frequent statements of interesting facts bearing on this subject, and showing that roots generally extend to a distance greater than the entire height of the trees. In the recently published Transactions of the Illinois Horticultural Society, Professor T. J. Burill mentions a number of well-proved facts, some of them from his own personal examination. He traced a root from a two year grapevine to a distance of thirteen feet. Apple trees twenty feet apart, were found to have interlaced roots eight years after planting. The roots of a Lombardy poplar were found in abundance seventy feet away. Willows, fifty feet from walls, occupied them with plenty of roots. We have found suckers from a common locust forty feet high, at a distance of sixty-five feet, and the roots of a peach tree eleven feet high, twenty three feet away. E. Satterthwaite, the well-known cultivator, of Jenkintown, Pa., has found the roots of a 11-year peach tree growing in rich soil fifty feet from the tree. Professor Beal traced the roots of apple trees 14 years old to a distance of twenty-eight feet.

If such facts as these were more generally understood, we should see less of the frequent mistake of applying mulching and fertilizers in a small ring at the foot of trees, while the great mass of fibres is spread widely over the broad surface far beyond their reach.—Country Gentleman.

DIARRHEA IN COWS.

Nearly all cows when at pasture on green grass in July are too lax in their bowels, as shown by watery droppings. This rapidly wastes their flesh, besides decreasing both yield and quality of milk. This is especially true in wet weather, because then the cow, in addition to the natural moisture in the succlent grass, is obliged to take with it the water in the leaves. Placing the cow in the stable when it rains and giving her a forkful of hay is the best remedy for this evil. A cow in a full field of grass will fill herself up in an hour or less, and after that is better off when it rains under shelter than in the field exposed to the storm. And when full of succulent grass cows will eat a small bunch of hay greedily, taking care to give only what will be eaten clean. If hay cannot be had, cut some of the large grass, and let it partially wilt, and let the cows eat thus. They will prefer it wilted to that standing. But in most cases it will pay to add some cornmeal to cows at pasture now. It will correct the tendency to scour, make the milk richer and keep the cow in better condition.

PUMPKINS AND SQUASHES.

Pumpkins and squashes can be grown profitably when planted in this month. The Connecticut field pumpkin requires the shortest season, and I would recommend that this variety be planted after June 15. It is very prolific and, having a soft, spongy flesh, stock—both hogs and cattle—can eat it without cutting. I have grown full crops of Hubbard squashes planted during the last half of June as a second crop following early potatoes. The Canada crookneck is an enormous yielder and may be planted any time in June or early in July. I think the majority of farmers do not know the value of pumpkins and squashes for stock. I have grown them extensively for many years and believe that one acre of pumpkins and two acres of corn, fed together, will make more pork than three acres of corn. Hogs at first do not seem to care for them, but soon become fond of them and gain rapidly. I think them especially valuable to feed the Spring pigs and the brood sows and there is no cheaper or better food for the cows at the season when pastures are usually short. The farmer who has an abundant supply of pumpkins for three months in the Fall will save much corn and be likely to have thrifty stock.

STRAWBERRIES AND GRAPES.

The man who made his strawberry bed on his poorest land for fear he would have too much vine and too little fruit, has found that his vines are small, according to expectation, but his berries are small, too. Next time he will give his strawberries abundant manure.

Pinch off the canes of your grapevines, leaving three or four leaves beyond the last cluster. The leaves will grow large and suffice to elaborate sap for fruit growth. The plant will not expend its energies in running out a long cane to be cut back next Winter, but will make large fruit and strong buds for next years's growth.

SUBSTITUTE FOR HAY.

The hay crop is not relied upon for stock feed during Winter as it used to be. We had hereabouts, and generally though the country, a dry May, and this means short grass both for pasture and hay. But the damage is not irreparable, and with good management it may even be turned into an advantage. Cut what grass has already grown, if needed, and plow. There is yet time to get good ground in fine tilth for a crop of fodder corn or Hungarian grass, either of which will give far more bulk of feed and nutritive value than a poor hay crop. It is astonishing how rapidly sod will rot in Mid-summer, providing the top is all turned under and the surface finely pulverized. hastens decomposition of succulent herbage and roots. It is quite likely that these substitute crops will come handy next August and September for supplementing the pastures which usually dry up about that season of the year.

SOILING CROPS.

Mr. E. G. Fuller, of Houghton Farm, reccommends the following succession of green fodder crops for soiling; 1, early-sown Fall rye; 2, orchard grass; 3, clover; 4, peas and oats; 5, corn; 6, Hungarian grass or millet. These are given in the order in which they may be cut. Rye can be cut in the early part of May. Before June 1 orchard grass is fit for the scythe. Then come clover, peas, oats and corn in regular order. On the ground from which the rye is cut fodder corn may be planted. From the oat and pea ground a crop of Hungarian gras or millet may be cut-thus giving two crops in the same season from each piece of land.—Rural New Yorker.

In the same issue of the same paper Professor Johnson, of the Michigan Agricultural College, writes: A good rotation for soiling would be, Winter rye to begin with in April; then oats, or Spring rye; clover (red), Hungarian grass and corn. Sown at proper intervals, these would give almost or quite a constant supply of green forage here. We grow from fifteen to eighteen tons of fodder corn per acre—this is actual weight, not a guess or an estimate made from the produce of a measured rod. We have never been able to reach the thirty, forty or fifty tons per acre that are sometimes reported. We usually sow about June 15.

RANDOM NOTES.

Never wring or tear cucumbers from the vine. Cut off with a sharp knife or scissors.

In Ohio wheat will be cut and bound with twine, furnished by the machine men, at seventy five cents per acre.

It is claimed that single acres of forest on the Pacific coast have yielded 5,000,000 feet of lumber, board measure.

Remember that fresh Buhach in water kept tightly corked in a bottle, one tablespoonful to two gallons, is excellant to keep flies from worrying our work horses. Bathe the animals on various parts of the body once in an hour or so.

The horseradish produces no seed. There is no need of seed, however, from the ease with which it is propagated underground, or rather the difficulty there is of exterminating its roots. Professor Halsted's botany class finds that the stamens produced little or no plump, healthy pollen.

An Ohio farmer finds the average cost of raising sugar beets or mangels per acre to be from $30 to $40, and an average yield is from 500 to 700 bushels. Last year he got about 500 bushels of sugar beets per acre, at a cost of about $30 per acre.

Six hundred measurements to determine the relative growth of ten species of evergreens on the college grounds at Ames, Iowa: gave the following annual averages of growth for four years past: White pine, 10.7 inches; Scotch pine, 10.6; red pine, 10.3; Austian pine, 9.4; European larch, 9.7; American larch, 9.3; Norway spruce, 8.7; white spruce. 7.4; black spruce, 5.2; balsam fir. 7.6.

To prevent potato scab, Mr. Alfred Rose uses four bushels quicklime, 120 pounds of sulphur; both slacked together with hot water, and well mixed; 12 bushels of hardwood ashes, 200 pounds of fine salt, 400 pounds of plaster. This is well mixed together, and will be sufficient for two acres. Sulphur alone is not effectual; it should be slaked as stated. After the seed is dropped the mixture is scattered in and all through the trenches.

Harry Wilkes, the reigning sensation among trotters, with record of 2.13¼; Maud S., 2.08¾; Jay-Eye-See, 2.10; Smuggler, for a long time king of trotting stallions, all had dams of pacing inheritance. Eight pacingbred horses have sired about 15 per cent of the mares that have two or more of their produce in the 2.30 class. It would seem that a stout pacing cross on the dam side is favorable to the production of fast trotting offspring.

Killed by Cars.

The number of unknown persons killed by railroads is astonishing. Almost every day one or two men are killed within a hundred miles of Chicago, two being killed last Sunday by different roads in Chicago. Last week Wednesday, passengers on a train to that city from here, saw a litter carried aboard the baggage car, a few stations this side of the garden city, on which was a man just able to breath, he having been knocked under the depot platform in the night by the fast mail. A patrol wagon was in waiting at Chicago, to take the man to a hospital, where he died an hour later, nobody knowing, and few caring who he was. The most of the men killed are tramps, stealing rides or walking on the track, and usually they have nothing about them to indicate who they are or where they belong, and if killed they go to the potters field. Each company should engage a man to furnish tramps with a check, giving their name and address. Though a man may be pretty low down, there is always somebody interested in knowing his fate.

HUMOROUS.

She—That piece of goods is very narrow to cost $165 a yard! He—Yes; but, my good woman, just see how long it is.—*Texas Siftings.*

Said a teacher in a Pennsylvania town: "Adam was the first man. Surely you know who was the first woman?" Adams mother!" shouted little Sammy G——.

Conniosseur—I tell you what it is, McDaub, those buzzards are simply superb. You shouldn't paint anything but birds. Artist (disgusted)—Those are not buzzards. They are angels!—*Texas Siftings.*

We look upon Gov. Hill's approval of the bill prohibiting the catching of trout less than six inches long as a direct and most malicious reflection upon the piscatorial experiments of Grover Cleveland.—*The Judge.*

Master Tommy is out walking with his mother. Seeing a colored man, he exclaimed: "O! wouldn't I like to be as black as that!" "What an idea!" "Yes, because then I shouldn't have to bother about washing my face."—*The Judge.*

Gilhooly—"It does me good every time I read of a rich man marrying a poor girl." Gus De Smith—"Why does it do you good?" "Because then the rich girl he might have married still remains in the market, and I am looking out for a rich wife myself." *Exchange.*

Mose Schaumberg was caught by his Austin avenue rival in business, tearing down the latter's posters announcing the arrival of a new stock of goods. "What do you mean by destroying my posters, you scoundrel?" asked the rival threateningly. "Dots vere you vas fooling yourself," replied Moses, badly scared. "I vas so much bleased mit dot boster I choost pulled him down to see if there was any more reading matter on de udder side."—*Texas Siftings.*

Sam Johnson, an Austin, Tex., colored man, was hired by the Celebration Committee to touch off the fireworks. The day after the glorious Fourth, Parson Whangdoodle Baxter of the Blue-Light Tabernacle, happenning to call at the Johnsing mansion, the latter said banteringly: "Did you see fireworks las' night, parson?" I did, Mister Johnsing." "I reckon, parson, dat ar red fire and de yellin' ob de crowd sorter remined me ob dat hell yer preach so much about." "Hit did, Mister Johnsing for a fac, perticklererly when I seed you in de middle ob de flames."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Coming of the Circus.

"Oh, the drums were heard and the piccolo note, as the circus up-town paraded, and the shorn-off mule and the whiskered goat and the elephant umber shaded. I followed it calmly at early morn, my work and my labors spurning, and I harked to the sound of a rusty horn with a wild and unhallowed yearning. Few and short were the tunes they played, and they paused not at all to monkey, so I slowly followed the route they made at the heels of the log-eared donkey."

The Swell Head.

"When dat disease called de swell head keeps a grip on a young man arter he has passed his twenty-fo'th birthday, he am purty sartin to eventoolly bring up in de lunatic asylum or de poo' house.

"I say to you, Brudder Buckhorn, drap it! Be who you ar' an' what you ar'. If you git up to $8 a week let the world know it. If you drop back to $5 don't lie about it. An' about your disease. It don't kerry a peason off like gallopin' consumpshun or typhoid fever, but it holds him up to de ridiculee and contempt of all sensible men. It might help you to soak your head in a pail of warm water. If it doan you'd better put your head between two freight kyars an' let 'em come together on ye. You may now resume your seat, an' if the ailment continers to grow on ye I'll look about for some remedy which de club kin apply."—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Unexpected Suggestion.

"Say, Gaddersby," said Mr. Smith, as he came into the fish store with a lot of tackle in his hand, "I want you to give me some fish to take home with me. Kind o' fix 'em up so that they'll look as if they've been caught to-day, will you?"

"Certainly, sir," said the grocer. "How many?"

"Oh, you'd better give me three or four bass. Make it look decent in quantity without appearing to exaggerate, you know."

"Yes, sir, but you'd better take white fish, hadn't you?"

"Why, what makes you think so?"

"Oh, nothing, except that your wife was down here early this afternoon and said if you dropped in with a fish pole over your shoulder and a generally woe-begone look, to have you take white fish if possible, as she liked that kind better than any other."

Mr. Smith took white fish.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Sunday Prohibition in Texas.

"Where can I buy a pair of cuffs?" inquired a late riser of an Austin hotel proprietor one Sunday morning.

"Don't believe you can buy them anywhere," replied the hotel man, "clothing stores are all closed up until 4 o'clock in the evening."

"Well, where can I get a cock-tail? I am as dry as a puff-ball."

"Can't. Saloons are all closed until after 4 o'clock."

"I suppose I can get a glass of sweet cider at some corner grocery, can't I?"

"Not much; groceries are all closed up until after 4 o'clock."

"Are, eh? Then I guess I'll have to go down to some drug-store and get a glass of plain soda."

"Can't do that, either. Drug-stores are not allowed to sell soda until after 4 o'clock."

The man moved mournfully over to the water-cooler and had about half filled a tumbler when a policeman in front of the hotel commenced shooting at a suspicious-looking dog. The hotel guest dropped the glass, jumped about fourteen feet, and running behind the office desk shouted:

"Don't shoot again, cap! I won't touch a drop of your darned old ice-water until after 4 o'clock! If you think it is too rich for my blood, Ill practice self-denial and spit cotton till sundown."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Ypsilantian.

General Observations.

Gov. Luce and his staff have been invited to attend the national G. A. R. encampment at St. Louis in September, and the invitation has been accepted.

The Ann Arbor Courier refers to "Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Chapin, formerly Miss Lizzie Hadley." We have hitherto been taught that matrimony made a single soul of two, but here is a case, evidently where it resulted in two being made from one.

John N. Bailey, a former publisher of the Ann Arbor Argus, has purchased the Midland Sun and will reorganize its political make-up, making it a democratic sheet. Bailey has evidently made up his mind to wait a little longer for the "administration endorsement" that at one time seemed almost within his grasp. There is virtue in patient waiting, and the probabilities are that John N. will be quite saintly before he will need to discontinue his exercise of the virtue-acquiring quality.

Another American girl, Miss Winnaretta Singer, daughter of Singer, the sewing machine man, is going to marry a Spanish prince. Who cares? We don't. We've got enough rich girls in this country to provide for the luxurious support of every impecunious relic of royalty in Europe. And we've got many more, blessed with better sense and fairer faces, who would rather be the queens of American homes, with honest farmers and mechanics as their lords, than to barter away their pride and affections for second-hand foreign titles. We don't know this to be true, but it sounds well, and we wanted to say something "sassy" to the impertinent foreigners.

We have received the second number of The Esoteric, a magazine of advanced and practical esoteric thought, published at Boston, of course. The magazine is a good one, a very good one in fact, but who could affect a very lively interest in esoteric culture with the thermometer where it has been during part of the past week? We are much interested in the discussion of the Reality of Matter, and "thought-forms of celestial origin that have not yet found human embodiment;" but we are fully satisfied as to the reality of matter, the watermelon and green corn season being now on, and must postpone further reflection on thought forms of celestial origin until we see whether or not the Chicagos will pass the Detroits in the race for the pennant this week.

An appalling railroad disaster occurred at St. Thomas, Ontario, last Friday evening, caused by a collision between a freight train on the Michigan Central road and an excursion train on the London & Port Stanley road, at the crossing of the two railways, which resulted in the death of about twenty persons and the serious injury of about forty others. Another of the sublime instances of heroism that now and then serve to remind us of the possible grandeur of manhood, was shown in the case of Harry Donnelley, the engineer of the excursion train. He realized the awful danger his engine was rushing into some distance from the fatal crossing, and applied the air brakes, but they refused to work. He then reversed his engine, but as the lever was not a good one some time was occupied in reversing it. The fireman had in the meantime jumped from the engine and saved himself from harm, but the brave engineer had resolved to die at his post, and when last seen, as his engine plunged into the freight train, he was heroically struggling with the air brakes endeavoring to make them work. He was a martyr to duty and met a terrible death he might easily have avoided, in a last grand effort to prevent harm from coming to the passengers entrusted to his care. The name of no man that ever lived, in the list of names inscribed or held in memory for heroic deeds performed, belongs above that of Harry Donnelley, the brave engineer of St. Thomas.

We have listened with patience to the denial by the ghouls of history of that pleasing William Tell-and-the-apple episode; we have permitted the memory of the beautiful Pocahontas, whom we were taught to believe threw herself between the axe and the head of her lover, Captain John Smith, saving his life, to be taken from us as a tale all untrue; we have not resented the suggestion that probably George Washington had slightly prevaricated on one or two occasions, and we are now engaged in following Ignatius Donnelly in his efforts to prove that Bacon and not Shakespeare wrote Hamlet and Shylock and Othello. We have thus seen these long-time accepted historical statements suddenly tumbled into the oblivion that yearns for uninteresting fiction, and we are prepared for more tumbling. But we were not prepared for a statement found in the Scientific American this week, to the effect that corsets were a blessing and tight-lacing was healthful. The use of corsets causes costal breathing, and costal breathing prevents consumption and other ills. Men don't wear corsets, a large proportion of them die of consumption; no women in the world are so healthy as the English women, and no women lace so much. Shades of Mary Livermore and Lucy Stone! To think that we should ever be confronted with such heresy to time-honored teaching. We have sat up nights depicting the long train of ills and evils resulting from the use of the deadly corset, and have persevered until we believed we had all the facts within our grasp. And now to be completely knocked out in the first round, by such high authority in things we know nothing about generally, as the Scientific American, is a hard blow to our conceit on the corset question. We are not convinced, but what can we say to all that costal-breathing-Indian-woman-consumption-healthy-tight-lacing-English-women broadside argument?

BRILLIANTES.

The Infinite always is silent:
It is only the Finite speaks.
Our words are the idle wave caps
On the deep that never breaks.
We may question with wand of science,
Explain; decide and discuss,
But only in meditation
The Mystery speaks to us.
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Take hands and part with laughter;
Touch lips and part with tears;
Once more and no more after,
Whatever comes with years,
We twain shall not remeasure
The ways that left us twain:
Nor crush the lees of pleasure
From saguine grapes of pain.
—Swinburne.

THE VALLEY OF SCIENCE.

BY FATHER RYAN, THE POET PRIEST.

In the hush of the valley of science
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the dove of the Deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to teach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces—
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and his angels are there:
One is the dark mountain of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

THE DISAPPOINTED.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There are songs enough for the hero,
Who dwells on the heights of fame;
I sing for the disappointed—
For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence
For one who stands in the dark,
And knows that his last, best arrow
Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,
The eager, anxious soul
Who falls with his strength exhausted
Almost in sight of the goal.

For the hearts that break in silence
With a silence all unknown—
For those who need companions,
Yet walk their way alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers
Who share love's tender pain;
I sing for the one whose passion
Is given and in vain.

For those whose spirit-comrades
Have missed them on their way,
I sing with a heart o'erflowing,
This minor strain to-day.

And I know the solar system
Must somewhere keep in space
A prize for that spent runner
Who hardly lost the race.

For the Plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and talent
And love that are wasted here.

OLD-FASHIONED ROSES.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

They ain't no style about 'em,
And they're sort o' pale and faded:
Yit the doorway here within 'em
Would be lonesomer, and shaded
With a good 'eal blacker an' sadder
Than the mornin' glories makes,
And the sunshine would look sadder
For their good old-fashioned sakes.

I like 'em 'cause they kind o'
Sort o' make a feller like 'em;
And I tell you when I find a
Bunch out wur the sun kin strike 'em,
It allus sets me thinkin'
O' the ones 'at used to grow;
And peek in thro' the chinkin'
O' the cabin, don't you know.

And then I think o' mother,
And how she used to love 'em,
When they wuzn't any other,
Less they found 'em up above 'em;
And her eyes, afore she shut 'em,
Whispered with a smile and said,
We must pluck a bunch and put 'em
In her hand when she wuz dead.

But as I wuz a-sayin',
They ain't no style about 'em
Very gaudy or displayin',
But I wouldn't be without 'em,
'Cause I'm happier in these posies
And the hollyhawks and sich
Than the hummin' bird 'at noses
In the roses of the rich.

THE NAMELESS GUEST.

BY JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

I wonder if ever the angel of death
Comes down from the great unknown,
And soars away on the wings of night,
Unburdened and alone;
I wonder if ever the angel's eyes
Are filled with glistening tears,
As they grant to the souls unfit for flight,
A few more weary years.

For it seems at times, when the world is still
And the soft night winds are whist,
As though some spirit were hovering near
In folds of dream-like mist,
And I feel, though mortals are nowhere near,
That I am not quite alone,
And with gloomy thoughts of dying and death
My heart grows cold as a stone.

But whether 'tis death that hovers near,
And knocks at the door of my heart,
Or whether 'tis some bright angel come
To be of my life a part,
I cannot tell, and I long in vain
The secret strange to know,
While the hours of mirth, and grief, and pain
Move on in their ceaseless flow.

And at night when I kneel to a Higher Power
And ask His tender care,
One yearning cry of a wayward life
Is the burthen of my prayer:
That I may bend, with willing lips,
To kiss the chastening rod,
And learn the way through the golden gate
To the great white throne of God.

ROSE LEAVES.

Under the feet of years,
Hidden from life and light,
With its burden of grief and tears,
The past has gone from my sight,
Leaving only a dream,
And a lonely grave by the sea,
And a song with love for a theme,
Set to a minor key.

Like one who gathers the leaves
Of a fragrant rose that is dead
And sighs as he sadly grieves
At the life and beauty fled;
So I, from the buried past,
Call back in its bloom a rose,
And wonder if dreams that last
Are the best that man ever knows.

I have only a dream in my heart,
And a face that is now in my eyes!
Can a new love's smile impart
The love that never dies?
Can rose leaves withered and dried
Be stronger than flesh to hold
The love a new love would buy
With its coin of beauty's gold!

In my heart lives only a dream,
And the ghost of a past that is dead,
In mine eyes the living eyes gleam,
By fleeting desire fed,
But the withered leaves in my hand
Are sweet with the rose's breath,
And a voice from the shadow-land
Is stronger than life or death.

A TIRED WOMAN'S LAST WORDS

Here lies an old woman who always was tired,
For she lived in a house where help wasn't hired.
Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends, I'm going
Where washing ain't done, nor cleaning nor sewing,
And everything there will be just to my wishes,
For where they don't eat there's no washing dishes;
I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing,
But having no voice I'll get rid of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never,
For I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever."

Common Council Proceedings.

REGULAR MEETING.

MONDAY EVE., July 18, 1887.

Ald. Kirk, presiding.

Roll called; Aldermen all present.

PETITIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

From B. M. Damon, O. E. Thompson, et al., to the Hon. Mayor and Common Council of Ypsilanti city:

Gentlemen; Your petitioners earnestly requesting that you pass an ordinance vacating the so-called eastern cemetery and convert grounds into a city park. We make this request for the following reasons: First. The growth of the city toward and around it renders the continuation of it unfair treatment to the citizens who live near it, and against public policy. Second. It is impossible for the city to protect the property from desecration and due consideration of respect for the memory of those who lie buried there, is not, will not, cannot be paid. Third. It would be for the general good of the community.

Referred to the City Attorney, he to report at next meeting as to right of the city to vacate and the proper course to be pursued.

REPORTS OF OFFICERS.

From City Clerk:

To the Common Council:

Gentlemen: I am in receipt of the following communication from the Mayor:

Frank Joslyn, City Clerk:

I hereby refuse my approval of the contract with the Indianapolis Jenny Electric Light Company, for the reason they are not the lowest bidders, their bid being over fourteen hundred dollars higher than the lowest bid. I believe it the duty of the Council to accept the lowest bid when said lowest bidders are responsible, and their apparatus equal to any offered. The fact that they are lighting twenty cities is conclusive to my mind their bid being lowest should be accepted.

CLARK CORNWELL, Mayor.

Cottage City, Mass., July 8, 1887.

Same received and filed.

Ald. Boyce moved the adoption of the following resolution notwithstanding the objections of the Mayor thereto:

Resolved, That the proposition of the Jenny Electric Light Co. of Indianapolis, Ind., which is $10,875, be, and the same is hereby accepted, and that the City Attorney is instructed to prepare and have executed a contract with said Company, in accordance with the terms and conditions specified in their proposal.

Adopted.

Ayes, Ald. Boyce, Goldsmith, DeNike, Roys, Norton, Kirk, Follmor, Neat, Foerster—9.

Nays, Ald. Deubel—1.

CLAIMS AND ACCOUNTS.

Ypsilanti Gas Co., lighting lamps, June....71 60

Coe Brothers, printing tax receipts.....18 00

Voted from Contingent Fund.

Ayes 10. Nays 0.

W. R. Barton, med. attendance..... .....19 50

Voted from Poor Fund.

Ayes 10. Nays 0.

MOTIONS AND RESOLUTIONS.

By Ald. Neat—

Resolved, That the Committee on Street Lights be, and are, hereby instructed to contract with the Jenny Electric Light Co. of Indianapolis, for the construction of an Electric light plant in accordance with the proposal of said company, as accepted by the Council.

Adopted.

Ayes 9. Nays, Ald. Deubel—1.

By Ald. Neat—

Resolved, That permission be, and is, hereby granted to the Jenny Electric Light Co. of Indianapolis, to place all necessary poles in and to run all necessary wires through the streets of this city to construct an electric light plant therein.

Adopted.

Ayes 9. Nays, Ald. Deubel—1.

By Ald. DeNike—

Resolved, That the Marshal and deputies be, and are, hereby ordered to strictly enforce the provisions of Ordinance No. 33, being "an ordinance relative to dogs."

Adopted.

By Ald. Kirk—

Resolved, That the Marshal be and is hereby instructed to enforce Sec. 5, 6, 7 of Ordinance No. 28.

Adopted.

By Ald. Deubel—

Resolved, That the Marshal be and he is hereby instructed to cause a sidewalk twelve feet in width to be constructed on the south side of Cross street, adjoining the property of Mrs. Stebbins and L. L. Forsyth estate, and the same to be raised to grade of adjoining walks, within ten days from this date, said walks to comply with the requirements of Ordinance No. 19, relative to the construction of sidewalks, made and passed in Common Council the 20th day of February, 1882.

And if any person, before whose premises such walk is hereby ordered, shall neglect or refuse to construct such walk within the time specified, it shall be the duty of the Marshal to employ some other person to furnish the materials and construct said walk, at a fair valuation, and report the same, with the account thereof properly attested, to this Council, for assessment against such premises, with ten per cent. additional.

Dated, July 18, 1887.

Adopted.

Ayes 10. Nays 0.

By Ald. Boyce—

Resolved, That the Marshal be and he is heteby instructed to cause a sidewalk six feet in width to be constructed on the south side of Chicago avenue, adjoining property of A. J. Clark, O. A. Ainsworth, and Geo. R. Cady, within fifteen days from this date, said walk to comply with the requirements of Ordinance No. 19, relative to the construction of sidewalks, made and passed in Common Council the 20th day of February, 1882.

And if any person before whose premises such walk is hereby ordered, shall neglect or refuse to construct such walk within the time specified, it shall be the duty of the Marshal to employ some other person to furnish the materials and construct said walk, at a fair valuation, and report the same, with the account thereof properly attested, to this Council, for assessment against such premises, with ten per cent. additional.

Dated, July 18, 1887.

Adopted.

Ayes 10; Nays 0.

By Ald. Boyce—

Resolved, That the Marshal be and he is hereby instructed to cause a sidewalk six feet in width to be constructed on the west side of Washington street, adjoining property of M. Hacket, Wm. Washington, S. Bow, Owen Kirk Estate, John Miller, and James Hayes, within fifteen days from this date, said walk to comply with the requirements of Ordinance No. 19, relative to the construction of sidewalks, made and passed in Common Council the 20th day of February, 1882.

And if any person before whose premises such walk is hereby ordered, shall neglect or refuse to construct such walk within the time specified, it shall be the duty of the Marshal to employ some other person to furnish the materials and construct said walk at a fair valuation, and report the same, with the account thereof properly attested, to this Council, for assessment against such premises, with ten per cent. additional.

Dated, July 18, 1887.

Adopted.

Ayes 10; Nays 0.

By Ald. Boyce—

Resolved, That the Marshal be and he is hereby instructed to cause a sidewalk six feet in width to be constructed on the west side of Huron street, adjoining property of P. Leonard and Dr. D. A. Post, within fifteen days from this date, said walk to comply with the requirements of Ordinance No. 19, relative to the construction of sidewalks, made and passed in Common Council the 20th day of February, 1882.

And if any person before whose premises such walk is hereby ordered, shall neglect or refuse to construct such walk within the time specified, it shall be the duty of the Marshal to employ some other person to furnish the materials and construct said walk at a fair valuation, and report the same, with the account thereof properly attested, to this Council, for assessment against such premises, with ten per cent. additional.

Dated, July 18, 1887.

Adopted.

Ayes 10; Nays 0.

By Ald. Boyce—

Resolved, That the Marshal be and he is hereby instructed to cause a sidewalk six feet in width to be constructed on the east side of Huron street, adjoining property of Wm. Reynolds, within fifteen days from this date, said walk to comply with the requirements of Ordinance No. 19, relative to the construction of sidewalks, made and passed in Common Council the 20th day of February, 1882.

And if any person before whose premises such walk is hereby ordered, shall refuse or neglect to construct such walk within the time specified, it shall be the duty of the Marshal to employ some other person to furnish the materials and construct said walk at a fair valuation, and report the same, with the account thereof properly attested, to this Council, for assessment against such premises, with ten per cent. additional.

Dated, July 18, 1887.

Adopted.

Ayes 10; Nays 0.

By Ald. Boyce—

Resolved, That the Marshal be and he is hereby instructed to cause a sidewalk six feet in width to be constructed on the east side of Adams street, adjoining property of Mrs. Cuningham and Mr. Brittan, within fifteen days from this date, said walk to comply with the requirements of Ordinance No. 19, relative to the construction of sidewalks, made and passed in Common Council the 20th day of February, 1882.

And if any person before whose premises such walk is hereby ordered, shall refuse or neglect to construct such walk within the time specified, it shall be the duty of the Marshal to employ some other person to furnish the material and construct said walk at a fair valuation, and report the same, with the account thereof properly attested, to this Council, for assessment against such premises, with ten per cent. additional.

Dated, July 18, 1887.

Adopted.

Ayes 10; Nays 0.

By Ald. Follmor—

Resolved, That the Com. on Street Lights be and are hereby instructed to purchase at the best possible price a lot of the Ypsilanti Gas Co. on which to locate an electric light plant, said lot to be 52 ft. 8 in. on Forest ave. by 87½ feet N. and S. or the entire lot including frame dwelling.

On motion of Ald. DeNike, referred to Com. of the Whole.

On motion Council adjourned to meet Monday evening, Aug. 1, 1887, at 7:30 o'clock.

FRANK JOSLYN,
City Clerk.

Stony Creek.

Fine warm weather.

Oats are being rapidly put into the shock.

A fine rain would be very heartily welcomed by nearly everyone in this vicinity. The effects of the drouth are becoming painfully visible on the corn and potatoes.

Aaron Armbruster has his house nearly completed. C. Vanblarern did the carpenter work.

While men were out working for F. Buck lately, they caught a rare and curious bird which had but one wing, that one being fully developed, but no sign of any other ever having been there. No one seems to know what kind of a bird it is. It is certainly a great curiosity.

Mr. R. Salsbury had a very narrow escape from death recently: While driving a team with a load of wheat, the team became frightened, running away, and throwing the load on to Mr. S. injuring him severely if not fatally.

F. Buck has been repainting his house.

The wheat is nearly all harvested in this vicinity.

Wm. Calhoun has as fine a patch of onions as one could wish for. He expects to gather about 2,500 bushels from four acres.

Workmen are busy at work building the new M. E. church, which when done, will be a fine edifice, and an ornament to the vicinity around.

Saline.

Miss Bell Squiers of Owosso is visiting at Alfred Miller's on Ann Arbor street.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Jake Hanne, July 16, a boy.

A. M. Clark, of Pittsfield, is very low.

Fred Schellers a young man teaching the German school was drowned while bathing the 18th inst.

W. J. Jackson on Henry street, is the expert fisher of this city.

O. E. Hawkins and devil, F. D. Ford, Mart Reynolds and Irving Clark, took in the excursion to Toledo the 17th.

A. K. Rouse, machine agent for the McCormick Co., Sundayed at home.

Pittsfield.

The large whortleberry marsh in the southern part of the town took fire Sunday.

Report says another party will leave for N. Y. this week—Deacon Canfield and Miss Libbie Stevens, and Mrs. Mosher and Mrs. Hueston of Ypsilanti.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Post of Detroit are the guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Rathfon.

Miss Louise Cady is the guest of her cousin, Alice Begole.

Why They Want to Vote.

If I am asked what women want the ballot for, I answer, What do men want it for? Why do British workmen at this moment so urgently demand it? Look into the British laws regulating labor, and you will see why. They want the ballot because the laws affecting labor and capital are made by the capitalist alone, and are therefore unjust. I do not forget the progressive legislation of New York in regard to the rights of women. Upon this point, one honorable geutleman asked whether the laws both for men and women were not constantly improving, and whether, therefore, it was not unfair to attribute the character of the laws about women to the fact that men have made them. The reply is very evident. If women alone made the laws, legislation for both men and women would undoubtedly be progressive. Does the honorable gentleman think, therefore, that women only should make the laws? —George William Curtis.

Many a young girl shuts herself out from society because her face is covered with pimples and blotches. All disfiguring humors are removed by purifying the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This remedy is the safest and the most reliable that can be used.

Facts and Figures.

We have received the third annual edition of "Facts and Figures About Michigan," a neat little volume published by Frank J. Bramhall, of the general passenger department of the Michigan Central, Chicago. More information concerning Michigan historically, politically, statistically, theologically, agriculturally and truthfully expressed, is given in this little book than could be gained by a life-time of indirect reading and general observation. It will be sent to any address, free of postage, on receipt of twenty-five cents, by O. W. Ruggles, Chicago, or it can be purchased at the bookstores.

Wells & Co., of the greenhouse, first door west of the postoffice, sell Slug Shot for the destruction of potato bugs and various other insects.

Blatchford's stock food, old process oil cake and Raven's condition powders for horses, cattle sheep and swine.

P. H. DEVOE, Congress st.

80 acres in town of Brady, Saginaw Co., very cheap, $12 per acre, or will exchange for city property. Enquire of S. A. DENIKE.

Encyclopædia Britannica, popular reprint, $2.50 per vol.

JNO. W. WISE, Agent.

Wanted to Rent.

A good house. Inquire of C. H. Foster, Congress street.

Anyone wishing to engage the professional services of Miss Betsey Gates, will call on Mrs. P. W. Carpenter, south Washington st.

Granulated bone, ground oyster shell and imperial egg food for poultry.

P. H. DEVOE, Congress st.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF Washtenaw, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the fifth day of July, A. D. 1887, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Isaac K. Collar, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the fifth day of January next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court, on Wednesday the fifth day of October and on Thursday the fifth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, July 5th, A. D. 1887.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,
9295 Judge of Probate.

TIME TABLE—JULY 6, 1887.

GOING EAST.

	Mail.*	Day Exp.*	N.Y. Exp.*	Atl. Exp.†	Nght Exp.†	Grnd Rap. Ex.*
	am	am	pm	pm	pm	am
Chicago....	6 50	9 00	3 10	8 15	9 10	....
	pm	pm		am	am	am
Kalamazoo.	12 17	1 50	6 58	12 33	2 35	6 45
Jackson....	3 15	4 23	8 49	3 15	4 50	9 15
Ann Arbor.	4 33	5 30	9 45	4 35	6 08	10 25
YPSILANTI.	4 50	5 45	9 56	4 52	6 24	10 40
Denton's‡.	5 00	....	....	....	6 33	....
Wayne Jun.	5 15	6 05	....	5 15	6 47	11 03
W. Detroit.	5 50	6 35	10 35	5 50	7 20	11 35
Detroit.....	6 00	6 45	11 15	6 00	7 30	11 45
		am	am	pm	pm	
Buffalo.....	...	3 35	6 15	2 45	7 50	....

GOING WEST.

	Mail.*	Day Ex.*	Chi. Ex.†	Grnd Rap. Ex.*	Ev'g Ex.†	Pac. Ex.†
		pm	am	am	am	am
Buffalo.....	....	11 30	5 45	....	9 00	11 35
	am	am	pm	pm	pm	pm
Detroit ...	7 00	9 10	1 30	4 00	8 00	9 15
W. Detroit.	7 10	9 20	1 40	4 10	8 10	9 25
Wayne Jun	7 40	9 53	2 03	4 45	8 37	9 55
Denton's‡..	7 52	....	....	5 00	....	....
YPSILANTI.	8 01	10 12	2 20	5 12	8 58	10 20
Ann Arbor.	8 16	10 25	2 32	5 30	9 12	10 38
Jackson....	9 35	11 35	3 32	7 10	10 52	12 03
		pm			am	am
Kalamazoo	11 52	1 50	5 15	9 45	1 20	2 35
	pm					
Chicago....	5 15	6 40	9 30	....	7 00	8 05

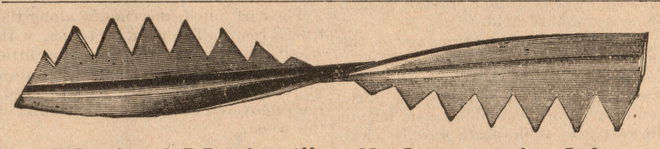
*Sundays excepted. †Daily. ‡Stop on signal. Trains run on central standard time.

O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. Agt, Chicago.
B. M. DAMON, Station Agt, Ypsi.

LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.

FROM YPSILANTI. Fr'gt*	Mail and ex.‡		TO YPSILANTI. Mail and ex.‡	Fr'gt†
6 30am	9 00am	Ypsilanti	5 10pm	4 00 pm
7 10	9 18	Pittsfield	4 53	3 30
7 35	9 28	Saline	4 42	3 05
8 15	9 45	Bridgewater	4 28	2 35
10 03	10 03	Manchester	4 10	2 00
10 35	10 15	Watkins	3 57	12 30 pm
11 20	10 30	Brooklyn	3 43	11 20 am
11 52	10 44	Woodstock	3 30	11 02
12 30pm	10 50	Somerset	3 23	10 50
12 55	10 55	S'm'rs't Centre	3 18	10 25
1 45	11 05	Jerome	3 09	10 00
2 58	11 16	North Adams	2 58	9 25
3 30pm	11 35	Hillsdale	2 40pm	8 30 am
.....	6 50pm	Chicago	7 25am	....
.....	5 05	Toledo	9 35am	....
.....	9 40pm	Cleveland	5 35am	....
.....	3 30am	Buffalo	11 40pm	....

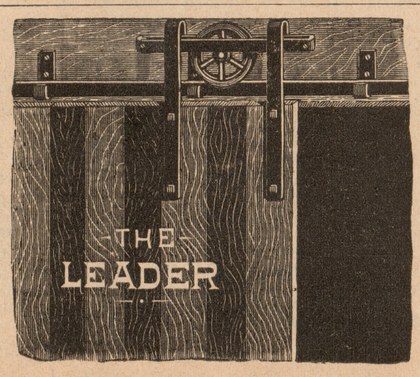
*Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays only. †Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only. ‡Daily except Sunday.



"Marier! Marier!" yelled an excited farmer, the other day, as he rustled out of

J. H. Sampson's Hardware Store.

"Dump out them pertaters and make room!" "What for?" "I'm going to buy a lot of Barb Wire and a Gasoline Stove, for **J. H. SAMPSON'S** is the place to get goods cheap.



THE LEADER

Terry's Anti-Friction STEEL "LEADER" HANGER.

No Better Hanger Made.

Unsurpassed for Strength, Ease of Working, or Simplicity of Construction. Made of Steel and used on the Popular Terry Steel Rail. A ready Seller and Full of Merit.

Try Them. Write for Discounts.

4 in. wheel, 6 ft. run, $15 per doz. prs.
5 " " 10 " " 18 " " "

Ask your dealer for these Goods.

Terry Manufacturing Company,
Horseheads, Chemung Co., N. Y.
38598

New Spring Styles

—IN—

Clothing!

—AT—

Wortley Brother's

THE CLOTHIERS.

Spring Suits, $8, $10, and $12.

Spring Hats, 50c 75c and $1.

The above are merely samples of our prices. We have one of the largest stocks ever placed on our shelves and counters, and will force a lively trade by means of low prices.

Step in and take a look at our recent purchases. You are always welcome.

C. S. Wortley & Bro

Kites Given Away!

Now is the season of the year for flying kites; and it is also the season of the year that

JOE SANDERS

THE CLOTHIER,

has something to give the boys.

He is now giving with every purchase of TWO DOLLARS, or more, a beautiful Banner Kite.

BUY YOUR

Clothing, Hats and Caps

AT NO 1 UNION BLOCK,

and get a Kite for the boys.

Joe Sanders.